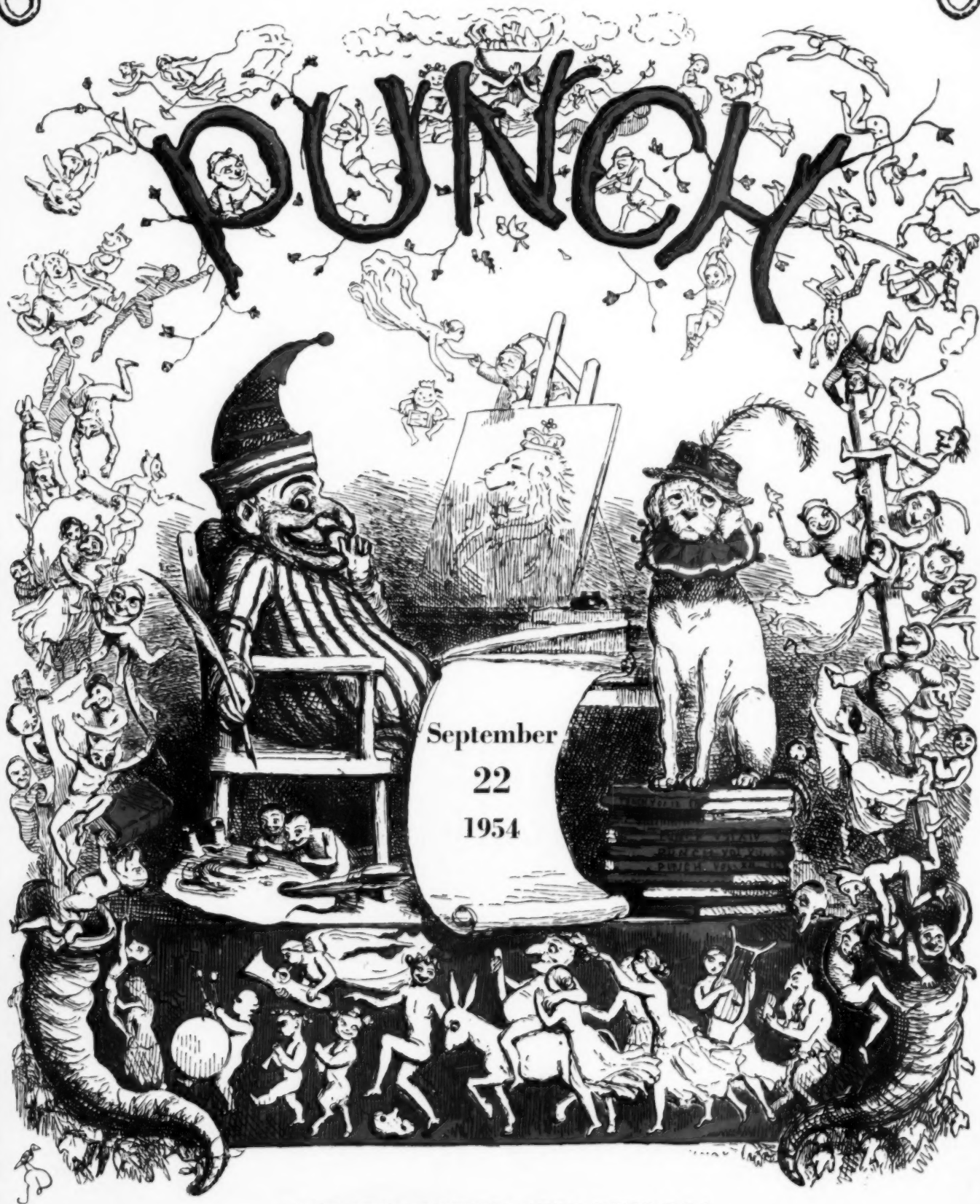


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—September 22 1954

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

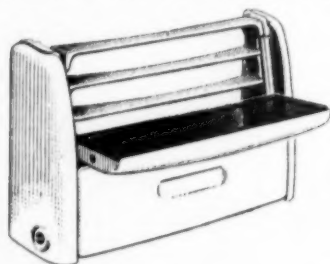
*... and they lived
warmly ever after!*

The bedtime story by the firelight glow demands a happy ending. The cheerful and comfortable atmosphere which the Flavel-Seymour generates provides the perfect setting.

The

FLAVEL-SEYMOUR
the aristocrat of grates

ASK TO SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS OR MERCHANTS



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MAKERS OF FINE COOKING AND HEATING APPLIANCES SINCE 1777



have you ever enjoyed a



the real thing—mixed to the original recipe—is so different because it's made with the one and only

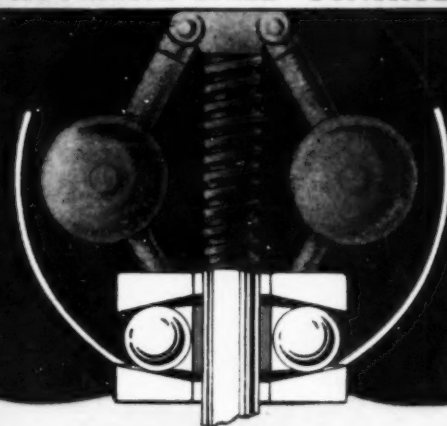
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*the GIN
of pre-war perfection **

* PERFECT - plain (with water) or pink, or with tonic, vermouth, cordials, etc.



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A Vital Principle

The Iso-Speedic governor eliminates disturbing static friction, giving a high-precision accuracy of speed control, within 0.3% when required.

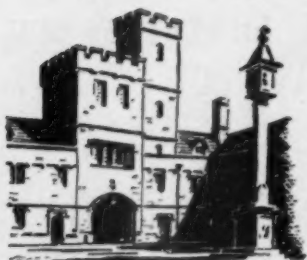
Used on diesel and petrol engines, for generating sets, television vans, road vehicles, industrial purposes, etc.

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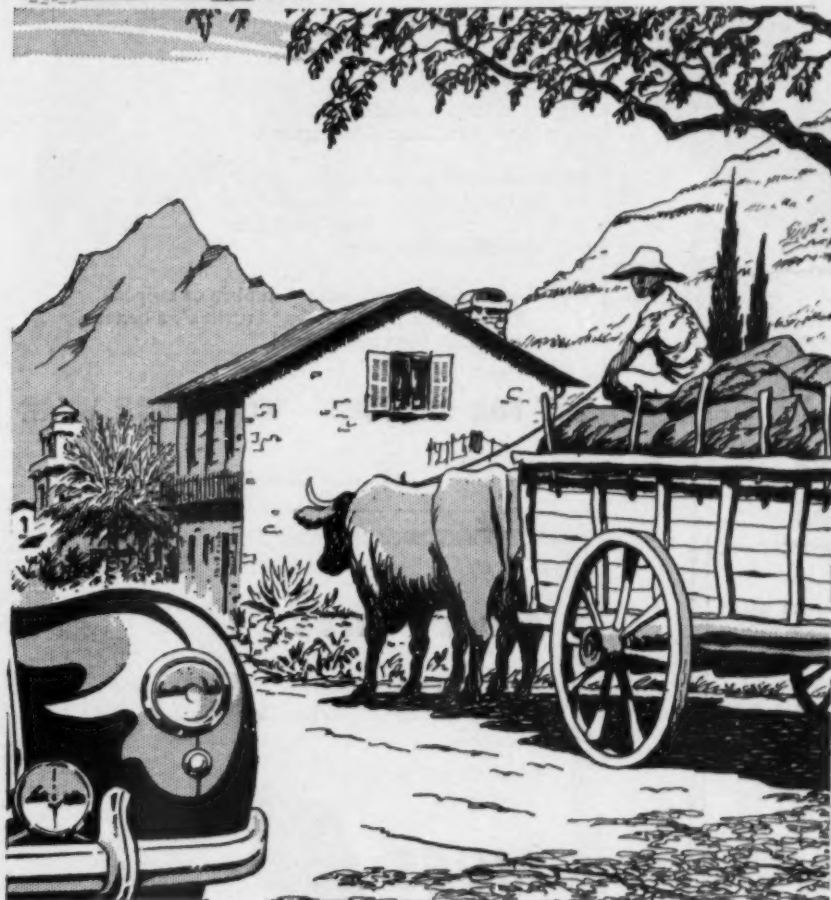
Telephone: Coventry 3147

FROM OXFORD



to the highways of the world

Oxford is not only one of Britain's loveliest cities—rich in antiquity, graced by the beauty of age, mellow with centuries of learning—it is a city powerful also in the industrial life of Britain. From Oxford, British cars travel to the four corners of the world.



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Rolling down to Rio Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Central America... the New World knows well the dependability of British cars—and the strength of Pressed Steel bodywork.

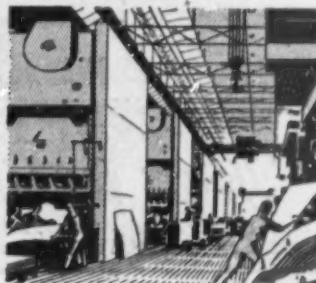
Under Mediterranean or tropic suns, in the rain and snow of the Northern hemisphere or the humid heat of the East, Pressed Steel bodywork maintains and enhances the British tradition of craftsmanship in engineering.

PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED

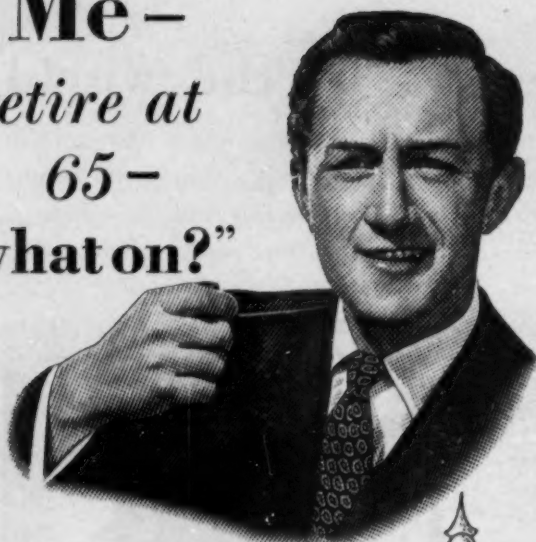
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retire at
65 -
what on?"**



**We'll take care
of that for you**

**—AND IT'S ALL PART OF
OUR SERVICE FOR LIFE**

Your retirement on a steady income, when the children are grown up, when you and your wife will want to take things easy, need not be just a dream. Simply plan for it now with a Standard Life Retirement Policy, and it will certainly be yours to enjoy.

And that's not all But then, round-the-clock leisure at sixty-five is not the only thing that can be looked forward to with our help.

We have policies ready to help you to buy a house, to pay for your children's education, and to provide for death duties. For we believe Life Assurance, as well as being a family security, should be a programme for life, jointly planned between us. That's why people who come to us, come to *rely* on us.

Facts and figures about the Retirement Policy, about every policy of ours, find their easily-understood place in a free booklet: 'Yours for Life'. It's worthwhile reading, worth writing for.



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LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

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'Yours for Life'

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Second—they're comfortable: amply tailored, coat-style. Two semi-stiff 'Luvexe' collars, perfect in appearance and wear.

Third—big choice of colours—in plain or striped weaves. Look out for 'Truvisca': a better shirt from first to last!

CUT FOR COMFORT — WOVEN FOR WEAR

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8

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We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

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BROS**

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THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and
Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477
AND BRANCHES



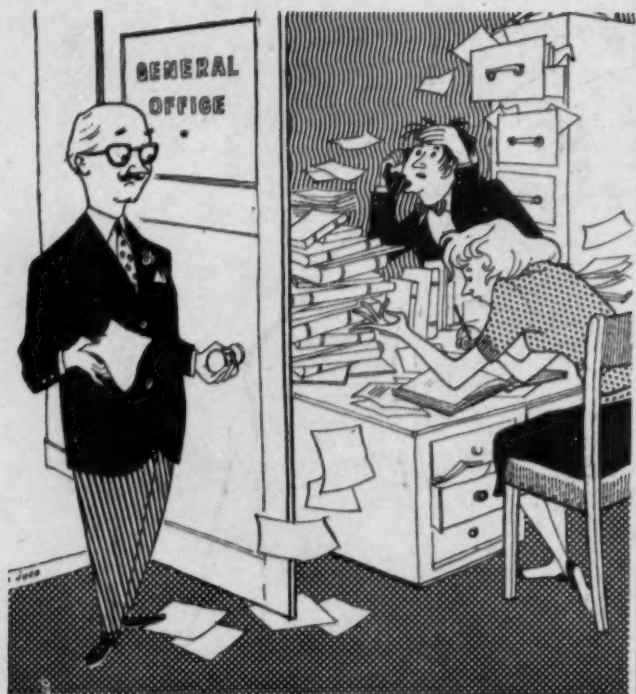


*when
the clans
gather,*

its

Grants

STAND FAST WHISKY



QUIZ FOR BUSINESSMEN WITH LOW E.Q.* IN THEIR OFFICES

*Efficiency Quotients

THESE questions are intended for (1) directors who have worked out to their own dissatisfaction that a saving of £1,000 p.a. in office costs would be equivalent to a sales increase of £20,000 p.a. for a business that nets 5% on gross sales, and (2) directors who haven't.

1. Do your office staff spend a lot of their expensive time (1) duplicating original records? (2) rehandling the same figures? (3) doing mental arithmetic? (4) doing it all over again?

Hint 1: If you're interested, there are machines that eliminate all waste steps from the production of figures. They go straight to the right answer first time.

2. If your monthly statements go out late, and subject to error, what will this mean at the end of the financial year? (1) That your customers have found a new way not to pay old debts? (2) That it may take six months to make up the books?

Hint 2: The kind of accounting machine you need on Sales Ledger work is the "Sensimatic" kind.

3. At the current price of office-space, what do you do about all the records that accumulate? (1) Store them in filing cabinets, on shelves, in transfer boxes, etc.? (2) Make a bonfire of them? (3) Try to remember all the information they contain?

Hint 3: Microfilming records cuts storage space by 99%, and reduces reference time for any document to 60 seconds or less.

Any answer on the lines indicated in the main part of each question above is *wrong*. It shows a lack of decision in the approach to figuring problems in your business. Burroughs (as we have tried to *hint*) can certainly help you. Making office machines (of every capacity and application) is only half our business. For the rest, Burroughs offer a service of advice, installation, maintenance and supply that starts working for you from our first analysis of your particular problem. Call Burroughs today. Burroughs Adding Machine Limited, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford St., London, W.1. Sales and Service Offices in principal cities.

FOR THE RIGHT ANSWERS CALL IN

Burroughs

Craven

his

first

love



THE MAN who has been tempted to smoke something else for a while comes back to Craven like the prodigal returning to peace after suffering. And how bewitchingly his "first love" welcomes him. Slowly, yet irresistibly, the cool, slow burning Craven captivates once again and holds him in its deeply satisfying spell. How right Sir James Barrie was when he said Craven "is a tobacco to live for".

Try CRAVEN

As the first pipeful casts its spell you'll agree that here is real smoking luxury... as every Craven man knows.

Three mellow, slow burning, deeply satisfying blends
Craven Mixture 4/7 ounce, Craven Empire de luxe
Mixture 4/3 ounce, Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/4 ounce.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
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The
World Famous
Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

Now available
in HALF BOTTLES
- with stopper corks,
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İNSANİYETİN HAYRINA!

HASAN IS PROUD that his job serves his country. More electricity means greater prosperity and a higher standard of living for Turkey. Hasan reckons that electricity is "*insaniyetin hayrınadır* — for the benefit of Man".

Hasan works at the Catalagzi Power Station, completed by Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd. in 1948. Recently, the President of the Turkish Republic laid the foundation stone of new extensions that will double the size of the station.

Again Metropolitan-Vickers, one of the nine famous British companies that together make up A.E.I., are undertaking the work. The new contract calls for turbo-generating plant, boilers, switchgear, and all civil works, totalling some £3½ million.

A.E.I. are Associated Electrical Industries, whose Companies make everything electrical from a turbine to a torch bulb.

AEI

for everything electrical

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are a family of companies:

Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.
The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
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Newton Victor Ltd.
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.
Sunvic Controls Ltd.



And the
bride of course
will be
wearing...



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

Insist on KUNZLE



Art Dessert

CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

...like Kunzle Cakes—a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD. BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

M-W.63



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL



That's

why your stairs

need Hyland Clips...

They hold your stair carpet securely in place, no matter how many feet go scurrying up and down. There's no chance of 'slip' to cause rubbing and premature wear: no working loose or weakening. Released with a flick of the finger when the carpet needs cleaning or re-laying, Hyland Clips, with their tailored good looks, streamline your stairs from top to bottom.

Finished in Florentine bronze or white metal, Hyland Clips can be seen at most leading Furnishers, Ironmongers and Stores. In two sizes and various finishes 2/6 to 5/6 a pair.



Give your stair carpet
the **constant grip** of the

**HYLAND
CLIP**

In case of difficulty write for the name and address of your nearest stockist to:
HUNTER & HYLAND LTD. (Dept. 1), Huntland Wks., Ingrave St., Battersea, S.W. 11

Sleep well..



..Keep well

IT is important that you should enjoy regular nights of restful sleep if you are to keep really fit and full of vitality. So, follow the example of countless thousands who make delicious 'Ovaltine' their bedtime beverage.

A cup of 'Ovaltine' last thing at night helps to relax nervous tensions and promote the conditions favourable to natural, refreshing sleep. Made from Nature's best foods and fortified with additional vitamins, 'Ovaltine' is easily digested and absorbed. During sleep, it assists in providing nourishment to rebuild strength and energy.

Try a cup of 'Ovaltine' tonight—and note the difference.

Drink delicious

OVALTINE

The World's Best Nightcap

No other beverage can give you better sleep

P.947A

1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin

Fit **INDIA** the Cool Running Tyres

Cool running is the key to greater mileage. By vulcanizing (or curing) India tyres at lower temperatures and employing advanced rubber compounding techniques, India ensure the coolest running possible thus giving the bonus of greater mileage in greater safety.



Fit
INDIA
and enjoy the extra PLUS of
Cool Curing



No, darling, he isn't swearing—that's just what the French say when the waiter takes more than two minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet, darling, Lillet. It's the most heavenly apéritif. You mean to tell me you've never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say, you must have one *at once*. Garçon!



LILLET is the finest and the most exhilarating of all apéritifs. It is a matured blend of white wines, is made exclusively in one small region of France, and is preferred by intelligent gastronomes all over the world. Drink Lillet on its own with ice and a sliver of lemon—or with one-third gin.

cast for an important part . . .

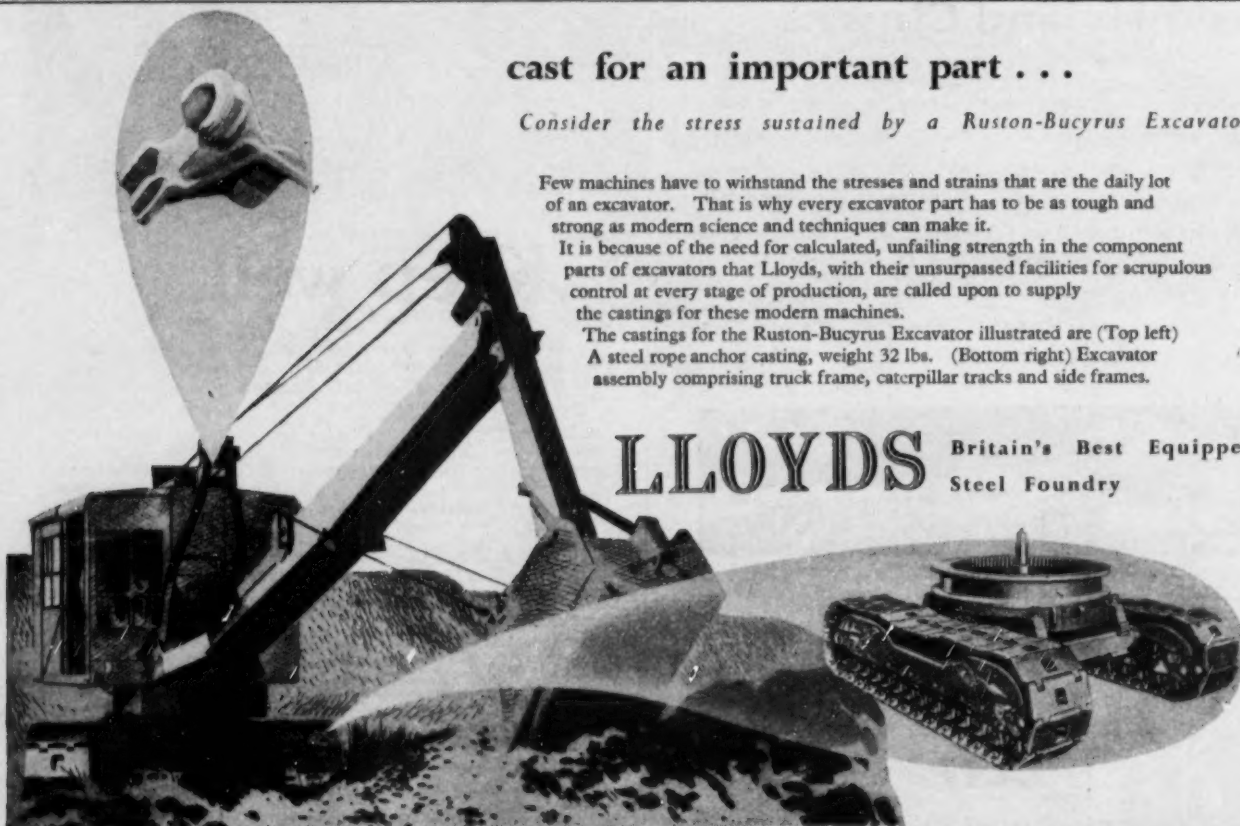
Consider the stress sustained by a Ruston-Bucyrus Excavator

Few machines have to withstand the stresses and strains that are the daily lot of an excavator. That is why every excavator part has to be as tough and strong as modern science and techniques can make it.

It is because of the need for calculated, unfailing strength in the component parts of excavators that Lloyds, with their unsurpassed facilities for scrupulous control at every stage of production, are called upon to supply the castings for these modern machines.

The castings for the Ruston-Bucyrus Excavator illustrated are (Top left) A steel rope anchor casting, weight 32 lbs. (Bottom right) Excavator assembly comprising truck frame, caterpillar tracks and side frames.

LLOYDS Britain's Best Equipped
Steel Foundry



YOU CAN'T BEAT



WITH **N·S·O**
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THE FINEST PETROL IN THE WORLD

So nice
to come home to!



What a comfort to have a Double Diamond about the house! It's just what you need when you come home after a hard day. A Double Diamond *works wonders*—takes the tension out of life, puts the worries of the day to rest for the night. Come home to your Double Diamond and you'll feel more like yourself again.

A DOUBLE DIAMOND
works wonders



IND COOPE'S DOUBLE DIAMOND BREWED AT BURTON

Fashionable People You Probably Know



Mr. Parr
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Distinguished Sportsman

It's Mr. Golfingham's careless out-door look that places him among MUNROSPUN'S exclusive 'SMART SET'. And, of course, his pedigree is unquestionable. Forever chasing golf balls, Mr. Golfingham needs clothing that will wear like iron in the rough

but give him loftiness on the fairway. MUNROSPUN is his choice and you should hear him bark about its durability, luxurious warmth, gorgeous colours and distinctive styles.

Says he: "It's smart to wear MUNROSPUN".

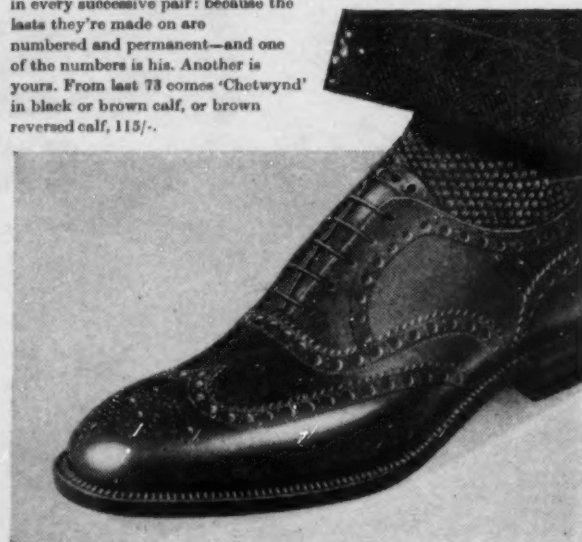
join the 'Smart Set', wear
Munrospun
WOOLLEN SWEATERS • SOCKS AND TIES

Write for the name of your nearest stockist to
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Church's

Famous English shoes

Enviably the man who gets good things repeated. His shoes are Church's. Their fitting perfection persists in every successive pair: because the lasts they're made on are numbered and permanent—and one of the numbers is his. Another is yours. From last 73 comes 'Chetwynd' in black or brown calf, or brown reversed calf, 115/.



Fitted by trained staff at accredited Agents throughout the country.

For nearest address, write
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Where does **LEAD** come in here?

In owls? No. Farmers value them as friends and hold their lead shot for other birds. Steel joists? Red lead is their chief protection from rust and, of course, white lead is the basis of the most durable exterior decorative paints. Fresh water is carried through lead service pipes—bath water runs away through lead traps. Pewter mugs have lead in their make-up and lead silicates provide ceramic glazes. Lead, as the basis of type and sterec metal, printed this magazine . . . Lead turns up in so many unexpected forms, that it is difficult to keep track of them all. The people who do are --

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MANUFACTURERS LIMITED



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suggest you send for the NEW selection of modestly priced sherries from the famous "Bristol Milk" Cellars. They range from pale dry fino to rich brown.

1 Bott. Club Amontillado, dry	19/-
1 Bott. Select Shooting, full golden	19/6
1 Bott. Fino, light pale dry	20/-
1 Bott. Falanda, superior rich golden	20/6
1 Bott. Old Fashioned Brown	20/6
CASE PRICE:	99/6

(including carriage and packing)

Free: WE INCLUDE A $\frac{1}{2}$ BOTTLE OF "HUNTING PORT", A FINE OLD TAWNY PORT AT 22/- A BOTTLE.



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Jack Hawkins
gave his wife
a Parker '51' for
her birthday

Not everyone realizes that Jack Hawkins' recent film triumphs were preceded by many successful, if less spectacular, years on the stage. He met his wife Doreen (they have two sons) in India during the war, when she was on an ENSA tour and he was serving in South East Asia Command. His sensational successes "The Cruel Sea," "Malta Story," and "The Intruder" are now followed by "The Seekers" (J. Arthur Rank Organisation release)—filmed in New Zealand. For her birthday, he gave his wife a Parker '51.'



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CONTEMPORARY
ELEGANCE

and an ink system far
ahead of any other
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TO PEOPLE WHO ARE ACCUSTOMED TO the best of everything, no other writing instrument but a New Parker '51' is really acceptable.

Its design is both elegant and practical; it is truly graceful in the best contemporary manner. What is more, the New Parker '51' is mechanically far ahead of any other pen, since its Aero-metric Ink System draws up, stores, and releases ink in a unique way—setting new standards of reliable writing.

As a special gift for a particular occasion, anyone would be honoured to receive a Parker '51.' Buy one for yourself, and you will have a constant, treasured companion.

Choice of four colours, and eight different nib grades to suit every hand. With Rolled Gold cap, now only 105/-; with Lustraloy cap 82/3.

THE '51' PEN AND PENCIL SET

The famous '51' pen with matching continuous-feed pencil. In elegant presentation case.

ROLLED GOLD CAPS	£7.18.6
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LUSTRALOY CAPS	86.4.0
PENCIL ALONE	40/10

Other famous Parker models—each with modern simplified filling system, visible ink supply, and the famous Parker arrow clip. The new large Senior Duofold pen at 37/11, the slightly smaller Duofold pen at 37/11, the shorter and slimmer New Victory at 30/11, the slender, elegant Slimfold at 23/11, a pen for smaller hands. Pencil to match all these models, 20/5. Presentation boxes available for all pen and pencil sets.

new Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED · BUSH HOUSE · LONDON W.C.2

Punch, September 22 1954



A New View of 'Viyella'

Here are some 'Viyella' shirts that will have little to do with an office. They are at least a hundred miles away from any formal atmosphere of work. These belong only to the country. Men like the country character of 'Viyella', which is also never quite absent from the quieter designs for every day — the 'Viyella' "Town and Country" herringbones and shepherd checks, that are worn anywhere.

Either way, 'Viyella' is the most comfortable of shirts—so comfortable that, after the week-end, a man will wear 'Viyella' every day. This is why "Town and Country" patterns are designed . . . for every occasion. And the price . . . 57/6d.

There's nothing to equal
'Viyella'
IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'CLYDELLA' AND 'DAYELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM



The curving bodies of the dancers echoing the sweep of the palm leaves against the sky... The enveloping richness of air whose softness is something that can be felt... The extravagance of a land where every shrub grows a dress-length of flowers... And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN

—by ABDULLA for Virginia smokers. 20 for 3/11

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Remarkable **NEW**

PLENAMINS capsules

give you no less than

11 VITAMINS



VITAMIN A PALMITATE — — — 6,000 I.U.'s
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 VITAMIN E (dl-Alpha Tocopheryl Acetate) 1 I.U.
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PLUS VITAMIN B₁₂ FOLIC ACID and LIVER CONCENTRATE

Here at last is a truly comprehensive vitamin product for you! The new Rexall Plenamins capsules give you more vitamins — in greater quantity — plus all the extra benefits of Red Vitamin B₁₂, Folic Acid, Liver Concentrate and Iron. Unless you get sufficient vitamins it is impossible for you to enjoy perfect fitness, alertness, health and energy, clear eyes and a glorious fresh complexion. Yet, without your knowing it, your daily diet may quite easily be deficient in some of these essential substances.

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Guarantee Plenamins assure you of the minimum daily requirement of each of the vitamins supplied, wherever this figure has been satisfactorily established.

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Lavish 15-day treatment pack • price only **5/-** Obtainable from your local chemist

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY PRODUCT BEARING THE NAME **Rexall**

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The Man from Remington Rand has a ready answer for all accounting problems. If business figurework is taking up too much time and money in your organisation, it's time you asked him to call. He'll gladly make a free analysis of your needs; prescribe the equipment to meet them; give you and your staff new ideas altogether on speed and accuracy in the accounts department.



* **THIS IS REMTIMATIC** It is the modern method of manual book-keeping — based on proved mechanized-accounting principles. It cuts the manual labour of book-keeping — often by two-thirds. It is as near fool-proof as an accounts system can be. It can provide daily balances and speed your routine on payroll, ledgers, analysis, and statements. And it costs about the same as a standard typewriter.

Does Remtimatic sound your kind of accounting system? Then let us show you that it is.

Send for the Man from
Remington Rand

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COUPON: I would like to know more about Remtimatic.

Please * arrange for your representative to call by appointment ☐

* send me free informative literature ☐
 (tick course of action required)

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POSITION

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for which
there is an
overwhelming
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Ford '5-Star' motoring —
the best at lowest cost



CHARIVARIA

REFERRING to the projected reoccupation of the Chinese Embassy in Portland Place, a writer in a daily newspaper says "It seems unlikely . . . that the Chinese will reoccupy their Embassy before extensive repairs are done. When Chou En-lai went to Geneva the villa hired for him was completely redecorated. The Chinese feared hidden microphones. I expect they will also assume that our Secret Service has planted microphones in their empty Embassy." And the maddening thing is, they'll probably have them all taken out.

Whitest Paper We Know

INTRIGUED by heavy headlines promising "The Picture You Mustn't See," readers of the *Daily Sketch* last week must have been a little disappointed to find that the picture, taken at the Rolls-Royce experimental



station during a flight by the "Flying Bedstead," consisted of a blank white square in the area where the Bedstead should have been. But they may have been consoled to some extent by the novel experience of finding that when the newspaper wrote "The Picture You Mustn't See" they really meant that it was a picture they mustn't see.

A Gynæcologist's Garland

BORN writers do not waste time lying in wait for a subject to suit their style, but loose their style at the nearest subject. Consider the passage

"Pioneers pass on unheard and unlamented until the trail they blazed

is followed by the few who have believed. At the end they are discovered where their life's work finished, mourned only by the wild flowers of the wilderness they loved." It ends Mr. Grantly Dick Read's book *Revelation of Childbirth*.

Sea-Lawyers

EIGHT minesweepers launched from British yards this month will be named Essington, Hubberston, Letterston, Sefton, Shoulton, Harpham, Isham and Drinkley. An Admiralty spokesman declined to comment when asked whether this was the first time that a section of H.M. Fleet had been called after a firm of solicitors.

His Back to Nature

It seemed that the poet lurking in every advertisement copy-writer had burst forth at last with the heading "The Start of a Perfect Day!" However, it turned out to be all about adding-machines.

Hey-Ho, said Rowley

THE examination of tape-recordings of the sounds emitted by frogs proves, according to a report recently submitted to the American Institute of Biological Scientists, that not only do frogs talk



to one another but they develop regional accents. These accents, the report says, prevent the frogs from mating with strangers. The kind of accents associated with *The Frog* in London appear to serve a somewhat similar purpose.

Natural Comedians

SOME confusion has been caused by the New York report saying that British

United Nations diplomats may claim exemption from the usual twenty per cent cabaret tax when they visit night-clubs. It should be pointed out that they qualify for this exemption by presenting their diplomatic credentials, not their Equity membership cards.

Higher the Fewer

REVIEWING London's traffic casualties, Sir John Nott-Bower had to report the melancholy fact that the number of pedestrians run down on crossings increased last year by over fourteen per cent. This, said Sir John, did not imply



that the crossings were losing their value. More people were using them. And "still greater use of the crossings by pedestrians would, I believe, ultimately make for fewer casualties." Perhaps it looks better on a graph.

Hall of Fame

FOLLOWING so soon on "Home of Peer's Brother Raided" (*The Star*) the headline "Ex-Lord Mayor's Granddaughter Gets Divorce" (*Evening Standard*) points up afresh the care taken by the Press to distinguish between who is somebody and who is not. It is a task which will present increasing difficulties as the range of celebrities continues to widen and the public demands to be kept informed of every least incident affecting the private lives of its idols. It will take an astute sub-editor to alter "Woman Collapses in Bus" to "Successful Panel Game Challenger ('She's a Frog

Stretcher') 'Taken Ill after Lime Grove Triumph."

Ingenious

STUDENTS of fraud must have revised their ideas after the case in which two men obtained thirty-eight thousand pounds in six years from the National Egg Distributors Association. For profits on this scale it has been thought in the past that something pretty substantial had to change hands—



bridges, say, or chains of hotels. It is startling to find that the trick can be worked with the common hen's egg, which in this case, though involved in large numbers, was actually non-existent.

Anyone Against?

OSLO reports tell of a refreshing outburst of propriety in Norway, where the Norwegian Women's National Council, representing 400,000 women, has decided that "a Norwegian woman's dignity forbids her to take part in beauty contests." Whether the decision was unanimous is not stated. It seems probable that a young and shapely dissident minority feel that a Norwegian woman's beauty forbids her to take part in dignity contests.

Unheard Of

LITERARY circles have been thrown into an excited state by the report that Dr. Hénusse, a Belgian bibliophile, has discovered a "hitherto unknown play by Molière" on a stall in a Brussels market. There is a body of more cautious opinion which, though not prepared to dispute the play's being by Molière, feels that it cannot be described as unknown until it bears the seal of a production on the Third Programme.

Burlington Redivivus

The rebuilt Burlington Arcade was formally reopened last week.

"My dear, but it's smarter than ever!"

My companion exclaimed in surprise. "You can only distinguish the shopkeepers

By their Old Harrovian ties."

ALL GOOD GIFTS AROUND US

HER Majesty's Government, which has already learnt so much from the able administration of Colonel Nasser, has eagerly welcomed his decision to censor the sermons to be delivered in Egyptian mosques as an example speedily to be followed. The following Instruction has been issued by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries to all communities.

HARVEST FESTIVALS: SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

General Policy and Control

1. All preachers should understand that the harvest is the outcome of a planned national activity, and that to ascribe to any individual, however eminent, any outstanding part in its accomplishment is contrary to public policy and may be seriously misleading.

2. Whilst it is recognized that particular cases will require particular treatment (e.g. where no harvest has, in fact, occurred), and complete uniformity is not therefore to be expected, some general principles can, it is felt, be laid down and should in all cases be followed.

3. Emphasis should be on the successful completion of a planned operation. Some reference to Divine Providence, etc., is, it is recognized, unavoidable in the circumstances; but the careful supervisory work of the Ministry should not in this connection be overlooked. Care should be taken not to attribute elsewhere credit which

can reasonably be assigned not only to the activities of Government but also to the County Committees, local officials and even, in suitable cases, the farmers themselves. Extra-Governmental activities operating as adverse factors, such as lack of sun, damage from excessive rain, blight, mildew, etc.—i.e. all factors coming within the definition of "Act of God"—can, of course, properly be so described, and the inscrutable and unpredictable nature of such unplanned activities clearly emphasized.

4. References to ownership, whether of land or of crops, should in general be avoided as tending to distract attention from the national character of the operation. This is particularly the case in rural areas, where a belief in the right of individuals to handle agricultural holdings or produce other than in accordance with the requirements of overall policy is still widespread. In this connection much of the traditional emphasis on a communal celebration may with advantage be retained, though the keynote should be accomplishment and further effort rather than passive acceptance with the undesirable implication of a temporary slackening of effort. It is not, however, in general thought desirable, particularly in the areas mentioned, to refer specifically to the public ownership of land; and both for security reasons and on grounds of public policy references to the Ministries of Defence or Civil Aviation, the National Coal Board and similar authorities should be made with caution. References to the Commissioners of Crown Lands should be avoided altogether.

5. With the unsatisfactory recruitment position in mind the Ministry is anxious that undue emphasis should not be laid on the aspect of the harvest as the return for work performed. In particular, such expressions as "sweat," "labour," etc., should be avoided as tending to suggest unfavourable working conditions.

6. In general, expressions of gratitude should be avoided, but where unavoidable should be properly directed. No reference to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries should, however, be made by name without the latest information being available.

P. M. H.





The Labour Party Conference opens at Scarborough on September 27 ; the Conservative Party Conference at Blackpool on October 7.



Lunch-Time Prophet

By G. W. STONIER

He combs his hair under the trees. It is very long, reaching almost down to the waist, and the half-smile accompanying his action reflects a rueful pride. Not even a prophet, these days, can quite play the part straight, especially when he has to catch souls—and catch out hecklers—in a London square. He is neatly, if shabbily, dressed. A button-hole droops. From a side-pocket, wilting too, sticks a sheaf of newspapers.

Lunch-time in Lincoln's Inn Fields—since 1376 a "common walking or sporting place for the citizens of London"—offers its usual diversions; to jousting grounds have succeeded tennis courts, and if public hangings and robbery by violence no longer tickle the multitude, there are netball, open-air snacks, and prophecy.

He combs his hair. He sky-gazes. He winks (so it seems) sleepily into his beard. Pink faces pass, turn, grin broadly, float on. A pigeon coos. The time is not yet. A little longer the bare platform must wait by the empty kerb, till some stranger—a plump baldhead with hands thrust into pockets, vaguely discomfited by the challenge of Hair—pauses in the mid-distance to form an audience of one.

I have no desire to witness, and perhaps assist in, these manœuvres. In my temperament there's a good deal of Coleridge's Wedding Guest: I have

to be on my guard against every skinny finger and gimlet eye. Suppose I found myself unsupported, caught up in painful arguments that left no way out to lunch, and my whole future compromised? It can't be risked. So, clutching at loud bassoons—in this instance the netball game—I hop away under the trees.

Than netball what could be more delightful? It might have originated with wastepaper-baskets behind one of those old solicitors' windows that look down on the square. Dickensian names like Mossop and Syms decorate doorways; high collars and high stools are brushed aside, and the young lady netballers come out to play. There they dance on the asphalt, defying nature by handling a round football and achieving such poses as the healthy young Englishman would start back from if it weren't sport.

The bandstand is empty: we revel in a music of Christian names, gasps, little shrieks of enjoyment or pain. And the sun flickers down on the hard curving walks and seat-ringed trees, the lawns of the Benchers' Garden nearby, the doors of the Soane Museum which will open as to a caller and divulge in circumstances of surrealist splendour Hogarth's "Rake's Progress."

From a sparrow-dotted space I look back. He—the weedy Samson who has cheated Delilah—has mounted his platform, and has a fair gathering. Laughter ripples across.

There's a budgerigar among the sparrows. It pecks at crumbs, fag-ends. Poor pretty thing, they exclaim, make a grab at it, and up it flies on a gilded branch.

Of course, I'm holding off. I've known him for years; or rather he's been in the corner of my eye, that corner occupied by the itinerant and eccentric for whom London provides a stalking-ground. Emerging from station yards when everyone else rushes in; making his ascension on a moving staircase; slowly perambulating along Oxford Street in the dawn; on the steps of the British Museum, and looking up inquiringly at the bus marked "Hackney Marsh Only"—yes, he must rank high among the semi-public figures. He has his meeting-places for different days of the week: Lincoln's Inn, Wednesday; City, Thursday... On one of his Wednesdays was wafted to me, as I hurried by to lunch, the only word I have heard from him, uttered in tones of mild Cockney reproof: "I'm not saying, madam, that I am Jesus Christ..." The remainder was lost, if there was (or could be) any remainder.

The dread of breaking *that* spell makes me kick my heels at one end of the Fields while he holds forth at the other.

Well, I've made the mistake—if mistake it is—of listening. Transmigration of souls! You will never die! You have always lived!

"But, Mr. Owen," objects one, "if the number of spirits remains the same, how do you explain the fact that in the last hundred and fifty years the population of the world has more than doubled?"

There is, it seems, an explanation, involving branch or twin spirits, and the word "eschatological"; and one of Mr. Owen's eyes grows other-worldly.

But this is deceptive. He attacks his attacker.

"You think you'll go to heaven?"

"Well—"

"Yes or no."

"Yes—I hope."

"Ha, but where is this heaven of yours—up there?"





"B.B.C.—would you put me through to 'Guess My Story'?"

"Suppose so."

"But in Australia they say it's down there. No, my friend, heaven's not there or there, but here: we are all citizens of Heaven and don't know it... communion of spirits... extra-sensory impressions..."

"Where do you get all this, Mr. Owen?"

"By communing with my spirit."

"Methylated!"

"Ah, you will have your little joke."

He doesn't mind their little jokes, or an occasional shout of "Gunga Din!" or "Rasputin!"—which makes him slowly raise his thin arm to feel the biceps, in an attitude of prowess. His right eye strays to that non-existent heaven. There's a growl of thunder, which quite pleases him as though it were the wrath of some false god.

He complains of subjugation by the churches: they won't let him use their pulpits.

A newspaper—last week's *Times*—comes out of his pocket to provide texts for denunciation. O the wiles, the wickedness of money!

He prophesies. In ten years' time we shall all be Communist—but not the sort of Communist we mean—with abundance of trade, no Stock Exchanges, no tax-gatherers, no rent—

"No collection, Mr. Owen."

None, he agrees, in that millennial epoch.

More imperative grows the thunder.

Mr. Owen raises his fist, his voice—

"We are dead and resurrected, immortal, eternal, and God is in each one of us..." Much of his eloquence is lost, carried to and fro on a rising wind.

"Flesh of flesh, life of life, spirit of spirit!"

Heavy, raindrops fall, and out of nowhere a smart little bookie-man starts bustling round with a hat, into which all but the most stolid drop something.

Just in time! Crackle goes the thunder, down pours the rain, netball is abandoned, and we scatter for trees and doorways.

Only he is left. He sighs. He combs his dripping hair. He speaks to the two young policemen who with well-educated smiles have attended to every word. *The Times* is refolded. The platform is packed and shouldered. Serenely, across the storm-swept square, he resumes his journey through the ages.

City Editor Favours Informal Style

"BIG ENGINEERING CONTRACTS."

Woodall-Duckham Construction Co. have received the order for the new coke oven plant to be built by Colvilles as part of their £20 million Scottish Steel Development Scheme. An order for the biggest blooming mill yet to be installed in Britain has been placed with Davy and United Engineering Co. of Sheffield by Dorman, Long and Co."

Daily Telegraph



Good Guy—Bad Guy

By JOHN STEINBECK

IN America television has crept upon us so gradually that we have not yet become aware of the extent of its influence nor of the nature of its impact for good or bad. I myself do not look at it very often, except for its coverage of sporting events, news and politics. Indeed, I get most of my impressions from my young sons.

Whether for good or bad, television has taken the place of the sugar-teat, soothing syrups or the mild narcotics parents in other days used to reduce their children to semi-consciousness and consequently to semi-noisiness. Whereas in the past a harassed parent would say "Go sit in a chair!" or "Go outside and play!" or "If you don't stop that noise I'm going to beat your dear little brains out," the present-day parent suggests "Why don't you go look at television?" From that moment the screams, shouts, revolver shots and crashes of motor accidents come from the loud-speaker, not from the child. For some reason this is presumed to be more relaxing to the parent. The effect on the child has yet to be determined.

I have observed the physical symptoms of television-looking on children as well as on adults. The mouth grows slack and the lips hang open; the eyes take on a hypnotized or doped look; the nose runs rather more than usual; the backbone turns to water and the fingers slowly and methodically pick the designs out of brocade furniture. Such is the appearance of semi-consciousness that one wonders how much of "message" of television is getting through to the brain. This wonder is further strengthened by the fact that a television looker will look at anything at all and for hours. Recently I came into a room to find my eight-year-old son, Catbird, sprawled in a chair, idiot slackness on his face, the doped eyes of an opium-smoker. On the television screen stood a young woman of mammary distinction with ice-cream hair, listening to a man in thick glasses and a doctor's smock.

"What's happening?" I asked.

Catbird answered in the monotone of the sleep-talker which is known as television voice. "She is asking if she should dye her hair."

"What is the doctor's reaction?"

"If she uses 'Trutone' it's all right," said Catbird. "But if she uses ordinary or adulterated products her hair will split and lose its golden natural sheen. The big economy size is two dollars and ninety-eight cents if you act now," said Catbird.

You see something was getting through to him. He looked punch-drunk but he was absorbing. The observed fact on my part that natural golden sheen does not exist in nature I did not feel it fair to interject. But I did think of my friend Elia Kazan's cry of despair, and although it is a digression I shall put it down.

We were having dinner in a lovely little restaurant in California. At the table next to us were six beautiful, young,

well-dressed American girls of the age and appearance of magazine advertisements. There was only one difficulty with their perfection. One could not tell them apart. Kazan, who is a primitive of a species once known as men, regarded the little beauties with distaste, and finally in more sorrow than anger cried "It's years since I've seen or smelled a dame. It's all products, golden glint, l'eau d'eau, Butisan, Elyn's puff-adder cream—I remember I used to like how women smelled." And he cried out "It's all products."

End of digression.

Just when the parent becomes convinced that his child's brain is rotting away from television he is jerked up in another direction. Catbird has corrected me in the museum of Natural History



when I directed his attention to the mounted skeleton of a Tyrannosaur. He said it was a brontosaur, but observed kindly that many people made the same error. He argued with his ten-year-old brother about the relative cleanness of the line in Praxiteles and Phidias. He knows the weight a flama will bear before lying down in protest, and his knowledge of etymology is embarrassing to a parent who likes to impart information to his children. And these things he also got from television. I knew that he was picking up masses of unrelated and probably worthless information from television, incidentally the kind of information I also like best, but I did not know that television was preparing him in criticism and politics; and that is what this piece is really about.

I will have to go back a bit in preparation. When television in America first began to be a threat to the motion-picture industry, that industry fought back by refusing to allow its films to be shown on the home screens. One never saw new pictures, but there were whole blocks of the films called Westerns, which were owned by independents, and these were released to the television stations. The result is that at nearly any time of the day or night you can find a Western being shown on some television station. It is not only the children who see them. All of America sees them. They are a typically American conception, the cowboy picture. The story never varies and the conventions are savagely adhered to. The hero never kisses a girl. He loves his horse and he

stands for right and justice. Any change in the story or the conventions would be taken as an outrage. Out of these films folk-heroes have grown up—Hopalong Cassidy, the Lone Ranger, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry. These are more than great men. They are symbols of courage, purity, simplicity, honesty and right. You must understand that nearly every American is drenched in the tradition of the Western, which is, of course, the celebration of a whole pattern of American life which never existed. It is also as set in its form as the *Commedia dell'Arte*.

End of preparation.

One afternoon, hearing gunfire from the room where our television set is installed, I went in with that losing intention of fraternizing with my son for a little while. There sat Catbird with the cretin expression I have learned to recognize. A Western was in progress.

"What's going on?" I asked.

He looked at me in wonder. "What do you mean, what's going on?"

"What's happening?"

"Don't you know?" he asked in wonder.

"Well, no. Tell me!"

He was kind to me. Explained as though I were the child.

"Well, the BAD GUY is trying to steal Her father's ranch. But the GOOD GUY won't let him. Bullet figured out the plot."

"Who is Bullet?"

"Why, the GOOD GUY's horse——" he didn't add "You dope," but his tone implied it.

"Now wait," I said, "which one is the GOOD GUY?"

"The one with the white hat."

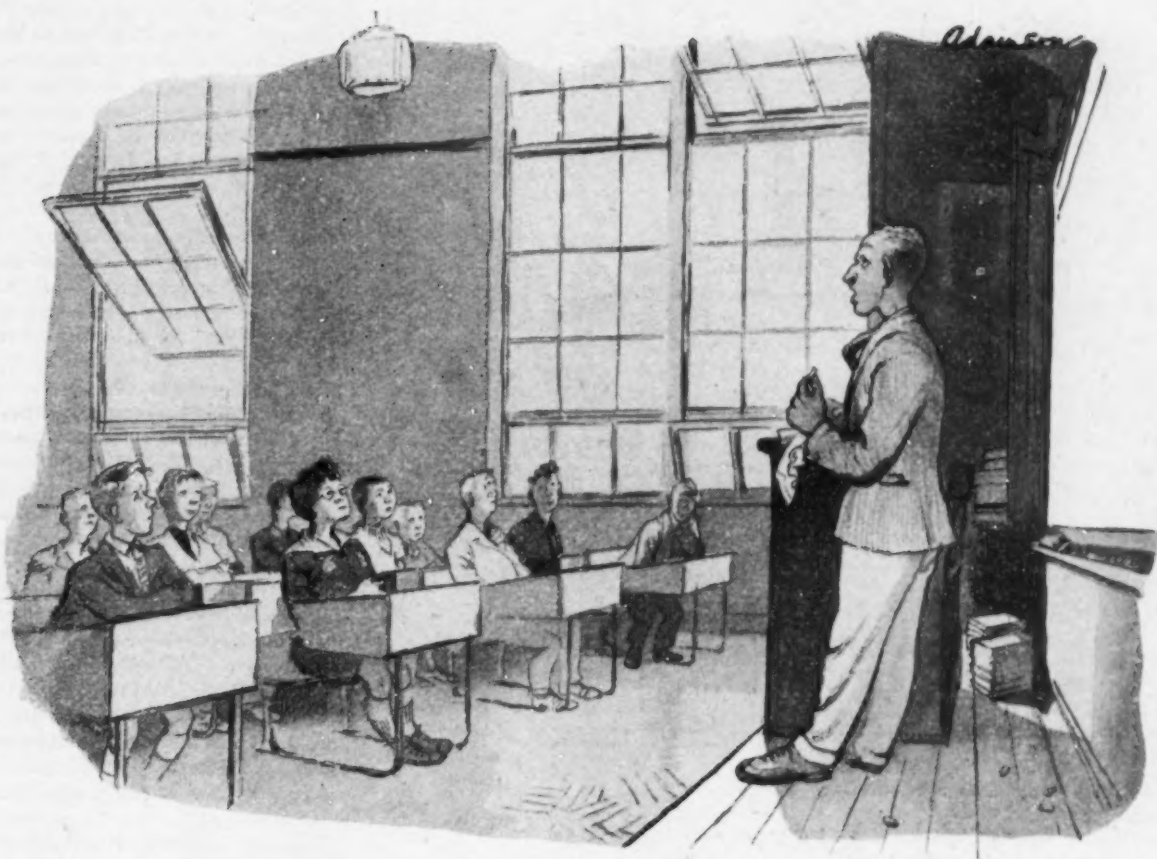
"Then the one with the black hat is the BAD GUY?"

"Anybody knows that," said Catbird.

For a time I watched the picture, and I realized that I had been ignoring a part of our life that everybody knows. I was interested in the characterizations. The girl, known as Her or She, was a blonde, very pretty but completely unvoluptuous because these are FAMILY PICTURES. Sometimes she wore a simple gingham dress and sometimes a leather skirt and boots, but always she had a bit of a bow in her hair and her face was untroubled with emotion or, one might almost say, intelligence. This also is part of the convention. She is a symbol, and any acting would get her thrown



"Well, one of us is wrong."



"With the opening of the educational year some of us are standing on the threshold of a new set of experiences destined to prepare us for the rigours . . ."

out of the picture by popular acclaim. The GOOD GUY not only wore a white hat but light-coloured clothes, shining boots, tight riding pants and a shirt embroidered with scrolls and flowers. In my young days I used to work with cattle, and our costume was blue jeans, a leather jacket and boots with run-over heels. The cleaning bill alone of this gorgeous screen cowboy would have been four times what our pay was in a year.

The GOOD GUY had very little change of facial expression. He went through his fantastic set of adventures with no show of emotion. This is another convention and proves that he is very brave and very pure. He is also scrubbed and has an immaculate shave.

I turned my attention to the BAD GUY and here found more interest. The BAD

GUY wore a black hat and dark clothing, but his clothing was definitely not only unclean but unpressed. He had a stubble of beard, but the greatest contrast was in his face. His was not an immobile face. He leered, he sneered, he had a nasty laugh. He bullied and shouted. He looked evil. While he did not swear, because this is a FAMILY PICTURE, he said things like "Wall dog it," and "You rat," and "I'll cut off your ears and eat 'em," which would indicate that his language was not only coarse but might, off-screen, be vulgar. He was in a word a BAD GUY. I found a certain interest in the BAD GUY which was lacking in the GOOD GUY.

"Which do you like best?" I asked.

Catbird removed his anesthetized eyes from the screen. "What do you mean?"

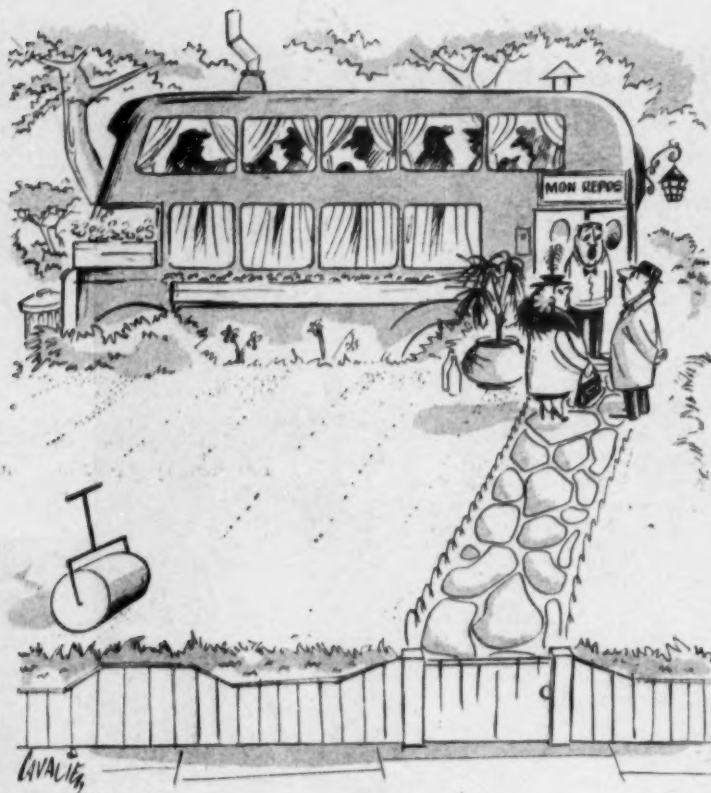
"Do you like the GOOD GUY or the BAD GUY?"

He sighed at my ignorance and looked back at the screen. "Are you kidding?" he asked. "The GOOD GUY, of course."

Now a new character began to emerge and he puzzled me because he wore a grey hat. I felt a little embarrassed about asking my son, the expert, but I gathered my courage. "Catbird," I asked shyly, "what kind of a guy is that, the one in the grey hat?"

He was sweet to me then. I think until that moment he had not understood the abysmal extent of my ignorance. "He's the IN-BETWEEN-GUY," Catbird explained kindly. "If he starts bad he ends good, and if he starts good he ends bad."

"What's this one going to do?"



"I'd like to ask you in, but we already have five standing."

"See how he's sneering and needs a shave?" my son asked.

"Yes."

"Well the picture's just started, so that Guy is going to end good and help the GOOD GUY get Her father's ranch back."

"How can you be sure?" I asked.

Catbird gave me a cold look. "He has a grey hat, hasn't he? Now don't talk, it's about time for the chase."

There it was, not only a tight, true criticism of a whole art form but to a certain extent of life itself. I was deeply impressed because this simple explanation seemed to mean something to me more profound than television or Westerns.

Several nights later I told the Catbird criticism to a friend who is a producer. He has produced many successful musical comedies. My friend has an uncanny perception for the public mind and also for its likes and dislikes. You

have to have if you produce musical shows. He listened and nodded and didn't think it was a cute child story. He said "It's not kid stuff at all. There's a whole generation in this country which makes its judgments pretty much on that basis."

"Give me an example," I asked.

"I'll have to think about it," he said.

Well that was in March. Soon afterwards my wife and I went to Spain and then to Paris and rented a little house. As soon as school was out in New York my boys flew over to join us in Paris.

Meanwhile in our absence the Army-McCarthy hearings took place and wiped everything else from the television screen for interest. We missed the whole show but we were told that all works stopped while the hearings were on and that little else was talked about. In a way it was the greatest television show ever. We were sorry to miss it, but also we were very glad to be in Paris.

In July my producer friend dropped

in to see us. He is going to take an English show to New York, and he had been in London making arrangements.

He told us all of the happenings at home, the gossip and the new jokes and the new songs. Finally I asked him about the McCarthy hearings. "Was it as great a show as we heard?" I asked.

"I couldn't let it alone," he said. "I never saw anything like it. I wonder whether those people knew how they were putting themselves on the screen."

"Well, what do you think will happen?"

"In my opinion McCarthy is finished," he said, and then he grinned. "I base my opinion on your story about Catbird and the Westerns."

"I don't follow you."

"Have you ever seen McCarthy on television?"

"Sure."

"Just remember," said my friend. "He sneers, he bullies, he has a nasty laugh and he always looks as though he needs a shave. The only thing he lacks is a black hat. McCarthy is the BAD GUY. Everybody who saw him has got it pegged. He's the BAD GUY and people don't like the BAD GUY. I may be wrong but that's what I think. He's finished."

The next morning at breakfast I watched Catbird put butter and two kinds of jam and a little honey on a croissant then eat the treacherous thing then lick the jam from the inside of his elbow to his fingers. He took a peach from the basket in the centre of the table.

"Catbird," I asked, "did you see any of the McCarthy stuff on television?"

"Sure," he said.

"Was he a GOOD GUY or a BAD GUY?" I asked.

"BAD GUY," said Catbird, and he bit into the peach.

And, do you know, I suspect it is just that simple.

• •

"To help in the traffic organization at Portsmouth, the Assistant Superintendent of British Railways at Woking, has been temporarily transferred to Portsmouth. A British Railways spokesman at Waterloo said this afternoon that this will inevitably cause considerable delays to travellers."

Portsmouth Evening News

Who cares about them?

The Journal of Edwin Carp

February 25th, 1936

ON my return journey from the Library I debarked from the bus at the brewery and walked to the reservoir. It was frozen and I circled it, hat in hand, allowing the breeze to blow the lingering redolence of Shem-El-Nessim from my brow. A group of young men were indulging in raucous horse-play on the ice. As I passed them one yelled "Come an' 'ave a slide, Dad." I ignored the remark and quickened my pace. This brought forth other well-meant, but vulgarly phrased, sallies and I could not help thinking what a deplorable amount of unemployment there is among to-day's working class. I then recalled, with regret, that during my boyhood my Mother had forbidden all winter sports.

Sometimes I wonder if, perhaps, my upbringing was not over-cautious.

The crisp sunshine soon dispelled these sober thoughts, however, and, on rounding the bend by the pump-house, I came upon a deserted corner of the reservoir where the ice shone irresistibly. After removing my galoshes I walked out on the frozen expanse. Having assured myself that it was solid and that I was unobserved, I took a short preparatory run and glided quite a creditable distance. My sense of balance has always been good (probably a compensation for myopia) and I was soon sliding back and forth with an agility that surprised me. It was most exhilarating. Time lost all meaning and when, eventually, I looked at my watch, I discovered that I was already eleven minutes late for luncheon with my betrothed.

Edited by
RICHARD HAYDN

February 26th

Incapacitated by chilblains. Painful swelling of feet, nosetip, fingers.

Difficult to hold pen.

Confined to house.

A week since my last entry.

"Others' follies teach us not
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own Experience preaches."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Maude's frequent visits have been rays of sunshine during these past, dark days (a pea-soup fog followed the frost), and she has presented me with two pairs of heavy woollen gloves which she knitted, years ago, for Fred Phelps.

Miss Costaine's clavichord arrived on Tuesday. Its accommodation in the drawing-room necessitated moving my poor Father's pet pigeon—Tinker—(now stuffed and in a glass case) to a new location in the hall. This disturbed my Mother considerably and she refused to eat. Her memory of present events is so short-lived, however, that within twenty-four hours she was back on normal diet.

March 10th

At 3.50 p.m. I returned home from a mission which remained unaccomplished. As I opened my front door I realized that I was extremely tired.

Having shed my outer garments, I felt the dire need of tea. But, being in no mood for Mrs. Ottey's loquacity, instead of going to the kitchen, I went upstairs, quaffed a glass of citrate of magnesia in the bathroom and proceeded to my room. While removing my galoshes I was struck by the stillness of the house. My room adjoins my Mother's. During her postprandial nap her deep breathing and the resultant vibration of her brass bedstead cause a reverberation which is quite noticeable in my quarters. To-day this was absent. I put my head to the wall, but could hear nothing.

I dusted my knees and hurried to my Mother's room. The fact that her bed had not been slept in did nothing to ease





DAVID
MURRAY

"Start off resolving to shoot the landlord and end up by signing a damned round robin."

my mounting concern for her well-being. Indeed, when I reached the foot of the stairs and once again became aware of the oppressive silence about me, it increased. The kitchen was empty, as was the dining-room. With my hand on the drawing-room door-knob, I paused. From within came an unintelligible, rustling whisper. Panic seized me. It sounded in the one word "Mother!" which I cried as I flung open the door. My senses reeled beneath the explosion of sound which greeted my gesture. The room was crowded. Loud voices sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow . . ." I could not believe my eyes—my Mother, the Harkets, Walter Roach, Mrs. Ottey,

Murke, Miss Throbbitt, Harrison, Miss Costaine (at the clavichord) and Maude—all singing at the top of their voices. I stood in the doorway, stupefied. Then Maude took me in her arms. "Why, you old silly," she whispered. "You look as white as a sheet . . . what's the matter with you? It's your birthday."

"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," sang the others. Maude joined in with them and, guiding me to a chair, stood, with my hand in hers, smiling down at me. I looked round the room at the happy singing faces. All my friends . . . singing and smiling for me. All my good friends.

They sang it twice and when, as they commenced a third time, Harrison's

voice cracked, everyone laughed with great good humour and descended upon me. I was deluged with handshakes, back slaps, vociferous good wishes, and, from my Mother and Maude, embraces. To my consternation I felt my throat tighten, but, as the stinging began in my eyes, Maude quickly bent over me and, while kissing me again, unobtrusively passed me her handkerchief. I blew my nose twice, in rapid succession, and the danger passed.

Memory of any emotionally disturbing event is often faulty. For this reason I shall not attempt to describe in detail the joyous birthday party that ensued.

On my bed before me, as I write these words, is the pile of gifts with which my dear friends showered me. I list them below, preceded by the name of each donor:

Mother—Set of ankle-length, winter-weight under-garments

Maude—Umbrella with hand-tooled, leather-covered handle (her own work)

Harket—Packet of four razor blades (double edged)

Miss Costaine—One handkerchief

Mrs. Ottey—One handkerchief

Miss Throbbitt—Two handkerchiefs

Mr. Murke—One birthday card (*risqué*)

I am indeed blessed and have, just now, composed the following:

"Though rich in pelf and worldly goods,
Still pauperish are they
Who go through Life and never feel
The warmth of Friendship's ray."

It is unfortunate that inspiration came so tardily. The foregoing would have made a perfect response to the demand for a speech which I met so inadequately this afternoon. On the other hand, the sentiment contained therein will perhaps be more enduring if I send each of my friends a copy . . . I shall do this.

The advent of my forty-third year has been an unforgettable experience.

(From *The Journal of Edwin Carp*, by Richard Haydn, to be published next month by Hamish Hamilton at 12/6)

6 6

In Like a Lion

"There was such complete absence of buffeting that the pilot, who was not intended to fly supersonic, found that he had got up to well beyond March 1 without noticing it."—*Sheffield Telegraph*

MacGandhi

By J*HN DR*D*N

or, A Satyr on the Half-Red Patriot Statesman

ALL humane things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, States-
men must obey.
So Nehru came; his coming came
in handy
To fill the gap left by Mahatma
Gandhi.
The mantle fell on the fresh
Pandit's part
With double portion of Mahatma's
art.
When none is one-eye'd, 'tis no
easy thing
To say among the Blind who shall
be King,
But he through all the Realm
without dispute

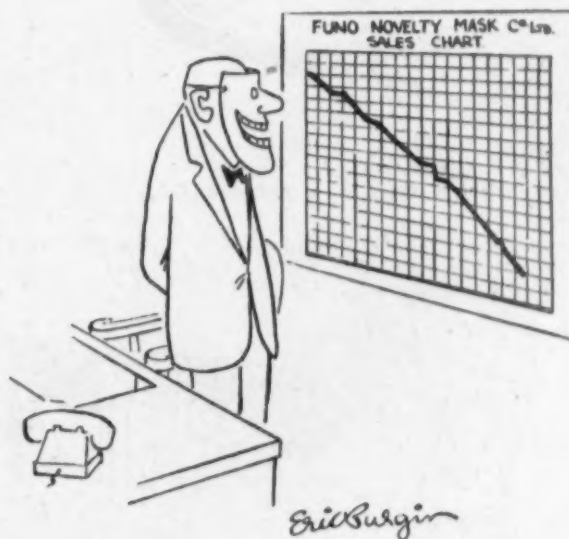
Was owned the Prince of Nonsense Absolute,
Who in the course of one revolving season
Boxed every Compass known to humane reason.

Dank, waffling, obstinate, obscure and narrow,
Born in Kashmir, matriculate at Harrow,
He first combined within one single breast
All mingled muddles of the East and West.
From dawn to dusk this Monumental Bore,
With his Five Fingers and his Freedoms Four,
Read endless lectures on the Moral Law
(The Moral Law—how few could understand it,
As 'twas expounded by the pundit Pandit).
He, draped in pose of highfalutin attitude,
Self-interest in garb of pious platitude,
And, every now and then, when feeling slick,
Slapped down a cliché with a splendid click—
Found it in certain circumstances true
That one and one, if added, came to two,
That suns were sometimes hot and rain was wet—
And so the Chinese ought to have Tibet.
He knew it would be wiser not to try
A turn of pitch-and-toss with Chou En-lai.
By most peculiar mental acrobatics
He argued "Asia for the Asiatics"
Meant the Chinese, having tasted Vietnam,
Be next allowed to gobble up Siam.
He would have all mankind live free from fear,
Except, of course, in Goa and Kashmir
(While doing also, it is fair to add,
Some very curious things in Hyderabad)—
Knew everything by heart and nothing quite—
Explained at length that he was in the right—
By turning other people's other cheek,
By preaching non-resistance to the Weak,
By practising "soul-force" towards the Strong.
He managed to be almost always wrong—
Favoured one day the poor, the next the rich,
And never could be certain which was which.

A patriot he, at times prepared to plug
The tale how often he had been in jug,
Now, since it never is too late to learn,
Himself jugs other patriots in their turn.
He fancies—strangest tale man ever heard on—
Himself Heaven-sent to bear the Brown Man's Burden—
Applies the Principle of Non-Attachment
To everything except the Indus Catchment,
And advocates—to save the nation's soul—
A dose of Very Moderate Birth Control.
His Five-Year Programme of Fair Shares For All
He found was riding for a fearful fall
And saw the rule of Peaceful Co-existence
Most sorely lacked Financial Assistance.
So, though he ne'er would deign to take a bribe,
Imperialistic bandits might subscribe.
For, as he said in his large-minded way,
We have to get our money where we may.

With outstretched neck he bade his waiting staff
To learn a lesson from the tall Giraffe.
Said he, "You'll find it's crowded at the bottom.
So always use long necks, if you have got 'em.
While lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
Snip from the branches of the topmost tree.
Seize power and keep it by the simplest way
'Mong Congressmen—which is to snatch and pray.
But, when you snatch it, always snatch on Principle.
That is the way to make yourself invincible."

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



HOFFNUNG'S



The Viola (pizzicato)



The Bassethorn



The Hecklephone



The Double-Trumpet



The Bass Flute



The Vi

ORCHESTRA



The Harp



The Contra-Bassoon



The Bass Trombone



The Oboe



The Kettle Drums



Double Bass



DRESS designers are never ones to let bygones be bygones. In a year when Madame de Pompadour has been turned in her grave, it is not surprising to find a beauty patch appearing in Maggy Rouff's autumn collection in Paris. It was worn, if worn is the word, on the south-eastern corner of the décolleté. Just a little accessory, making but a modest territorial demand, it agitated no speculation, excited no comment. It was not even praised with faint damns.

It would seem then that we are not yet ripe for beauty patches. We will accept other things from the reign of Louis XV: ball-gowns with panniers; buckled satin slippers; muffs. Why not *mouches*? If the Pompadour followed the fortunes of the French army on her wall-map by marking it with beauty patches, it is easy enough to imagine Osbert Lancaster's Lady Littlehampton using such convenient little stick-fasts to mark on the library globe our contemporary trouble spots.

Even in its purely personal *mode d'emploi* the beauty patch serves a useful purpose; to draw attention to the

wearer's best feature, or away from her worst. As a symbol it may be regarded as the quintessence of the femininity which is now flavouring all fashion. There is not a Parisian dressmaker who has not caught some expression of this spirit in his butterfly net, even if Maggy Rouff is the only one to catch a *mouche*. Muffs, flirtatious muffs, appear in every collection, in every shape and fur. They are not only for the obviously muff-prone miss; all well-appointed *mesdames* will be equipped with muffs before the trees are bare. The sumptuously appointed will have several: one for daytime to match the fur which trims her suit or makes her hat; one or two for evening in ermine, velvet, or white satin and mink; and one, perhaps, for cocktail time. One such as, for example, the black velvet muff which Jean Patou shows with a black velvet suit; a tender little muff, lined with pink satin, trimmed with roses and veiling.

It may be that muffs, fitted with zip pockets and other internal organs, will take the place of handbags. Certainly to carry both these accessories is to give one of them the appearance of an

excessory. Jaques Fath offers, as his solution to the problem, a large *fur* handbag. But a fur handbag does not warm the hands of the owner, nor the heart of the beholder, as does a muff. At one time it was all the mode to carry a pet dog inside one's muff; this kept the hands even warmer and dealt with the problem of yet another accessory. The current poodle is too long in the leg; but the German sausage dog, in the smaller chipolata breeds, could possibly be accommodated. Perhaps an even more miniature strain, the cocktail-sausage dog, could be produced?

If muff and handbag are difficult to manage together, muff and umbrella are quite impossible partners. The tall thin umbrella has added quite a good bit to its stature, and confidently enters a new season. In Christian Dior's *boutique* umbrella handles are for the most part bamboo; but the greatest individual success is his ebony handle, shaped like a devil's toasting fork; an other-worldly conception, with an air of worldly wit. The umbrella goes with the slim elongated figure which Dior has brought to a fine line this season. It goes with the elegant silhouette accomplished by the straight seven-eighths coats of Fath and Cardin, and by the double-breasted suits of Griffe with their two lines of buttons converging to a point. It goes with the drop earrings, the smooth shining chignon of ash blonde hair, and the lynx-eyed look. The muff goes with the cloaks. It goes with Balenciaga's little fur-lined tippets as well as the finger-tip length and the full-length cloaks. It goes, even better still, with the coats and suits which have coachman's collars, one, two, or three-tiered, shown by Paquin, Worth, and de Givenchy. The muff goes with the heart-shaped face, the wondering eyes, the Renoir air.

The fur cravat goes with every kind of look; and undoubtedly it will—in every kind of fur. For it achieves the cherished atmosphere at a small outlay.



When fur goes with a black or anthracite suit, whether it is used for cravat, gilet, collar or revers, it is always a brown fur. And gloves match the colour of the fur, not the suit. As often as not you will find yourself with a fur hat as well. Jean Patou continues this summer's straight sailor with an autumn version, entirely made of fur; beaver for town, ocelot for country. Dior carries forward another of the summer's favourites, the wavy brim, with his immense black fur hats. Paulette makes an ocelot hat with a small felt brim. While every collection includes many tiny fur caps like curled-up kittens—and it is these which will most easily find good homes.

Diamanté clips have reappeared on hats (real diamonds will do). They are worn in pairs; two on each hat, one on each cuff, or one on each lapel. They match earrings; and there are new earrings which clasp the top of the ear instead of the lobe. Plain gilt has gone out; and pearl stud earrings are disappearing with the big pearl chokers which, at long last, are loosening their stranglehold. "Pearls" are now either, as shown by de Givenchy, in metalized colours exactly matching the colour of the dress; or they are rough and rocky, set in silver, in long, many-stranded necklaces. There are waterfalls of rhinestones, cascades of jet, avalanches of semi-precious boulders.

The successful deployment of accessories requires self-knowledge, wit, and wisdom. Alas that the Englishwoman, when the fit is on her, can be so reckless with her unconsidered trifles. Much is spoken nowadays of art in everyday things, but few of us apply it to the wearing of *our* everyday things, as they do in France. A beautifully dressed woman, unknown and glimpsed in but an isolated moment of detachment, can bring about that which is brought about by true art—a disturbance of the spirit. This is a pleasure that may come to us, unsought, on any lucky day in London; but it is much more likely to come to us on any ordinary day in Paris.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

"Rain which fell incessantly for more than 24 hours yesterday flooded roads in Northumberland and Durham, some to a depth of several feet."—*Daily Telegraph*
Bound to limit to-day's weather to 23 hours, anyway.



"I'm just stocktaking, dear."

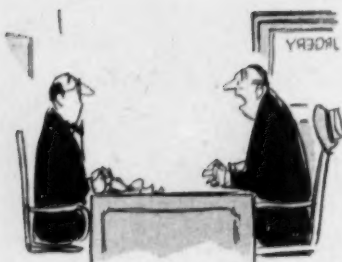
From "Childe Eden's Pilgrimage"

O AIR! that heedless men so lightly prize,
Yet art of elements the friendliest,
'Tis through thine insubstantial aid I rise
To span half Europe on my far-fam'd quest.
In Brussels one day and in Bonn the next,
Then Romewards my aerial advance
Leads me before I lightly come to rest
On Paris, to confer with Mendès-France
Ere Murphy—still a day behind—has had a chance.

B. A. Y.

Answer More or Less

By CLAUD COCKBURN



THERE are only two important divisions of the human race. Comes a little trouble, and you can tell them apart.

When this trouble happens members of Division X say: "I really think we ought to notify the police." Division Y-men say: "Whatever happens, for pity's sake let's not get the cops mixed up in this."

Where do you stand?



II

Or you see a poster, handbill, or other notice of some public entertainment, and at the bottom of it it says—in extreme cases with little printed hands and fingers pointing to the words—"The Management reserves the right to refuse admission."

Do you exclaim "Good! That'll keep the rowdy element out." Or "I say, look at this. I wonder if we'll be able to get in?"

Which?

Remember that anything you say will be taken down, and may be grossly distorted.



III

On Page Five of next Sunday's newspaper you are going to see the headline "Inspectors Move to Close Loophole." Now cross out the reactions you don't have:

- (i) About time they did something about it.
- (ii) And then they have the nerve to ask me to increase production.
- (iii) I suppose we'd better not risk it.

IV

"East Anglia boom-town 'orgies' alleged. 'Unbridled licence rife,' says J.P."



With you, you over there, is it "Tut-tut, disgusting, and to think that before the War one could walk from one end of the front to the other without anything of that kind, I suppose it's the Americans," or do we see a quick search for a road map or railway guide?

(You *are* being absolutely frank about this, aren't you? You see, otherwise it makes it so awfully hard for me to really, truly *help*.)

V

"What's that the man's saying?"

"He says there's plenty of room in the front of the train."

"Well, that's fine. Let's go!"

"Stay where you are—they always say that. It's a trick."

VI

This seems to be a letter from a solicitor. Down here it says "or else."

Comment A: "Good Lord, how on earth did we come to forget to settle up that one?"

Comment B: "Good Lord, I didn't expect them to act that quick."

VII

News-scanner-reaction A: "It's good to see that Billy Wallace and Marshal Tito and Wilfred Pickles and the Stewards of the Jockey Club are none the worse for their recent experiences, isn't it?"

News-scanner-reaction B: "Why?"

VIII

It will be officially announced tomorrow that a very thorough and impartial investigation shows that so far from any blame attaching to those responsible for handling an admittedly difficult situation, they acted throughout in full accordance with the long-term





interests at stake, and no question of compensation can arise.

Public reaction to this will be sharply divided. One section is going to murmur "Fishy." Another of the more hot-headed, possibly hysterical, type will burst out with "Very fishy indeed."

A similar split in British public opinion will occur on the news that World War III is now ready to go. "I don't much like the look of things," will be the view expressed by one element. Others will adopt a different attitude. "I don't like the look of things a bit," will be their stated reaction.

(For the benefit of those who fear the effect such dissensions may have upon the Next War Effort it may be stated that representatives of both sections are going to say "Mustn't grumble.")

IX

Psycho - pattern - test Stimulus A:
"Mustn't question the Referee's decision, you know."

Response-recording:

- (i) 'Sright.
- (ii) What d'you mean, Referee? You talking about that twelfth man that stinking mob have working for them?

X

P.-p.-t. S. B: "Speaking in strictly scientific terms, the Duke of Norfolk and the President of the General Council of the T.U.C. are 96.7 per cent water."

R.-r.:

- (i) Look here, sir! Oh! I say! Come off it!
- (ii) Surely 96.8, in point of fact, actually?
- (iii) Wanna bet?

XI

P.-p.-t. S. C: "It never rains but it pours."

R.-r.:

- (i) Too true.

- (ii) I must say, I think that's a little bit of an exaggeration, isn't it? I mean, after all, it rather patently doesn't, does it, as a matter of simple fact? Unless, of course, you choose to call everything else Scotch mist.

XII

P.-p.-t. S. D: "There's one shot in it which I consider the most sublime in the entire history of the cinema."

R.-r.:

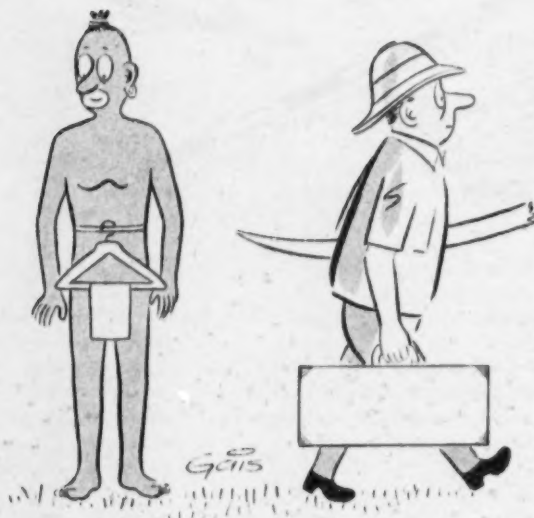
- (i) Where's that thermos? I'll stand all night and day if necessary.
- (ii) What happens the other 129 minutes?

XIII

P.-p.-t. S. E: "Mind you, it's the merest rumour."

R.-r.:

- (i) I knew it couldn't last, apart from everything else, she's such a liar.



- (ii) My only wonder is she stood him as long as she did.
(iii) Why are you so cagey? Guilt, I suppose.

XIV

P.-p.-t. S. F: "Isn't it fine having all these new newspapers for children?"
R.-r.:

- (i) I wouldn't call it merely "fine," I'd say that was pretty much of an understatement. I mean, I think it's about the best thing for the future of the human race that's happened since Saint Teresa.

- (ii) No.
(iii) I'm a spaceman with a super-sonic death-ray, bang-bang-bonk, you're dead.

XV

P.-p.-t. S. G: "I love you, I love you, I love you."
R.-r.:

- (i) Coö.
(ii) Er.
(iii) Be careful, he's only gone as far as the bar.
(iv) Want to put it in writing?
(v) I always knew you were a bit of a neurotic.

XVI

P.-p.-t. S. H: "It's later than you think."

R.-r.:

- (i) *Eheu! Postume! Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*
(ii) Plenty of time for a quick one. They always keep the clock in this place eight minutes fast.

XVII

P.-p.-t. S. Z: "Quick! To the deep shelters! A guided cobalt bomb is due to strike this very spot in just under four and a half seconds."

R.-r.:

- (i) !
(ii) !!
(iii) I wonder if you'd be good enough to repeat that rather more slowly and distinctly. I didn't quite catch what you said.

END

A Joy for Ever

(*Mr. Stirling Everard, an official of the North Thames Gas Board, has written to a literary weekly on the merits of a London gasholder*)

O FULHAM holder Number 2,
Soaring, majestic, free,
Art thou not fair to outward view
As other holders be?
I bring to thee a heart that bleeds
To see thy lovely lines
In base insinuating screeds
Traduced by philistines.

Though others praise the Pyramids,
Or rave of Princes Street,
Let them not seek to put the skids
Beneath thy cubic feet.
Let some prefer St. Paul's to thee,
Some dote on Salisbury's spire;
Still in thy bland periphery
I find my heart's desire.

Me thy Victorian girth beguiles
Whene'er its line I trace,
Cradled in slender peristyles
That soar in ordered grace.
O Fulham holder, long survive
To deck the Fulham plain,
That men may see how thou dost strive,
And fall, and rise again.

FRANK BUCKLAND

Who Reads Must Walk

By PETER DICKINSON

THE decision of the Wiltshire County Appeals Committee that the *Decameron* is really quite a clean book should prove only a temporary setback for the principle that the magistrates of any town must be able to declare obscene any volume which does not take their fancy.

Somehow it seems likely that the railways are going to be mixed up in it, always; apart from a half-hearted struggle by the road-haulage interests to have *Bradshaw* declared an illegal publication, it will be the Regions who will most sternly follow the lead that Swindon has given them, until at centres like Grantham and Crewe reading matter will be almost unobtainable except for people holding a permit to read three books a month for educational purposes. Another advantage that the railways will enjoy is that their system of ticket inspection can be so easily extended to cover books, periodicals, manuscripts, and any other manifestations of the written word.

Curiously enough one of the classes most likely to suffer from all this is that of the magistrates themselves; they appear to be slow but conscientious readers. The magistrates at Swindon took a year and a half to get through the *Decameron*, which must mean that they were always too busy to put in more than an hour or two a day except on their holidays, and that is where the difficulty will set in.

Take, for example, the case of a member of the Stroud Bench who is on his way to spend his holidays in Dorset; he has travelled by Swindon so as to attend the annual book-burning fair on August 1, and from there he has taken the branch line down to Andover. Branch lines are not very rigorous in their enforcement of the law; most of the inspectors are on the guard of honour at Swindon and the rest as usual taken up with explaining that it really is 250 yards from Savernake (Low Level) to Savernake (High Level), though buses sometimes run between them. So this magistrate gets safely to Andover, where he joins the main line to the West, and no one has challenged him for reading a copy of *Jude the Obscure*, which is in fact only a part of his holiday task. No sooner is he

comfortably seated than there is a cry in the corridor of "Have your books and tickets ready" and he knows that he is in for a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

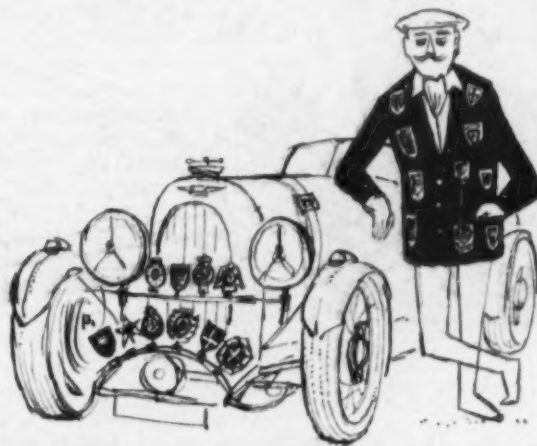
It will be useless for him to explain his position to the inspector; about two years earlier, in an endeavour to foster local talent, the magistrates of Gloucestershire have declared obscene the work of all contemporary English poets; many of the minor Hampshire poets have suffered very severely and there is still a lot of bad feeling about it; his best bet is probably to play for time; in about nine miles he will be over the border into the Hardy country and safety without ever having to disclose that he has *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Life's Little Ironies* hidden in his sponge-bag. The only other possibility would be to borrow the cover of *Blonde Vampire* from the lady in the corner; the coincidence of their both reading the same book would be negligible as that is one of the very few volumes which are universally acceptable, and so is very popular with travellers. Still, the penalties for that sort of concealment are pretty severe, as are those for disseminating obnoxious literature by hurling books out of the window. So the magistrate settles down to twenty minutes' fumbling for a ticket which he knows perfectly well is in the turn-up of his left trouser-leg.

This case, admittedly hypothetical, shows how difficult travel is going to be even for those who are aware of its

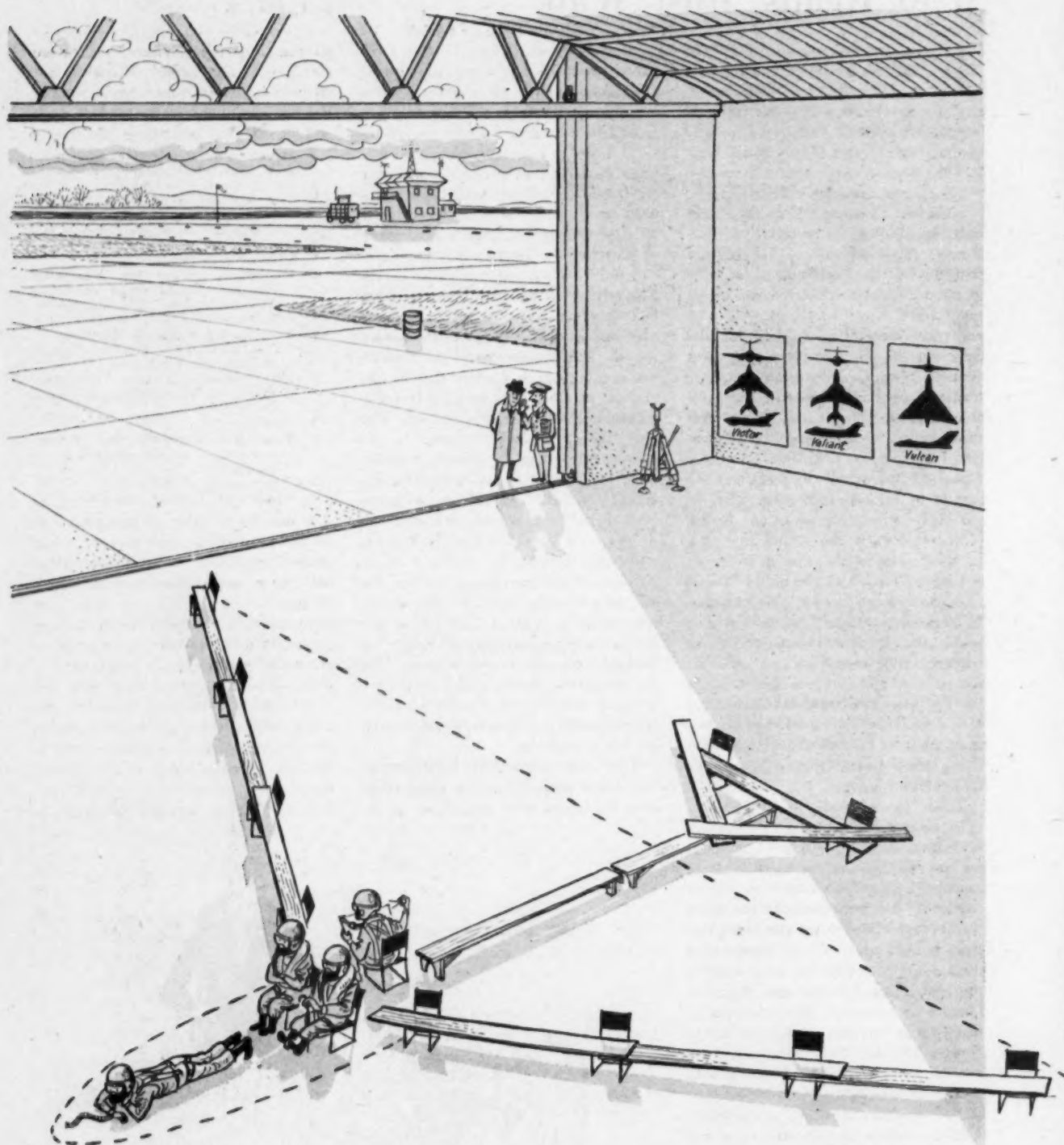
dangers; for the ignorant, things are going to be much harder; *Bradshaw* will have to be extensively revised so that the table of notes at the end of each section will read something like this:

- A Over one mile to Bicester Station
- a G. B. Shaw banned except on Thursday
- B By slip carriage to Didcot
- c Novels must be left with the guard between Hatton and Solihull
- e Through Library to Wolverhampton
- h Marylebone Station and Court-rooms
- l Change at Didcot
- l Passengers reading the *Manchester Guardian* should travel on "The Mancunian Slow" dep: Marylebone 5.21 a.m.
- ff Five minutes earlier on Tuesdays
- q "The Lakelanders." Readers of Hugh Walpole travel half price
- No Homer Petrarch Cervantes Baudelaire Tolstoy Ibsen or Waugh permitted
- x Adults only
- y Passengers travelling with foreign books must be accompanied by an interpreter
- z Calls to take up only
- 3 Third Class reading matter only

It may be said that all this augurs ill for the future of English literacy, a lost cause if ever there was one, but always liable to produce letters to such papers as may survive. But travellers who have had much experience of railway bookstalls will know that buying a book at one of them usually consists of a choice of what not to read and will realize how much time and fret are likely to be saved when the only choice they have to make is whether or not to buy the Licensed Book of the Month from a slot machine on the platform. It is not likely to be a difficult decision.



smilby.



"The chaps can hardly wait for the new bombers they see every year at Farnborough."

At the Film Festivals

Venetian (and Other) Blinds

WITH the return of the film writers from Edinburgh (Venice of the North) and Venice (Edinburgh of the South) another film festival season has shuddered to a close. For a few short weeks critics can forget about the art of the cinema and revert to the plain business of going to the pictures. Any damage to digestion or liver due to a surfeit of free lampreys can be worked off in the usual way at the expense of Hollywood.

Of the various devices for fleecing the tourist in the name of culture, the film festival has proved to be one of the most successful. Although not unknown before 1939 it was not until after the war that the idea really caught on, and it was Cannes and Venice whose municipal fathers rightly guessed that a film festival might add two prosperous weeks to the end of their holiday season.

Others were quick to follow—among them Brussels, Knocke, São Paulo, Montevideo, Berlin, Prague, Edinburgh, Locarno, and Geneva. The result is that one of the chief difficulties now is to find enough films to provide every festival with the requisite number of winners.

In spite of this competition Cannes and Venice have firmly established themselves as the Eton and Harrow of the game. Originally both had their festivals at the end of the season, but a year or two ago they came to an agreement whereby Cannes undertook to function at the beginning of the summer, leaving the end clear for Venice. Thus between them they shrewdly burn the season at both ends: and incidentally show the world that peaceful co-existence is not only possible but profitable.

In theory the object of these festivals is to further the art of the cinema by enabling the nations to exhibit films in competition with one another. No one, however, is any longer taken in by this. Everyone knows that the real object is to publicize the town by cramming it with stars and journalists; and with the gaping tourists that a swarm of stars for some reason always attracts.

The film awards are purely incidental

and so numerous that practically any film can pick up a prize of some sort, if it is only the one for "best additional montage." In any case there is always so much trouble over the awards that it is now more or less tacitly accepted that the nations unofficially take it in turns to win.

International rivalry in regard to the films is at least equalled by the intense competition to see who can give the best party. Italy and France generally fight out a photo-finish both as regards gastronomic excellence and administrative confusion. But outsiders like Mexico have been known to come up fast in the last furlong and surprise everyone.

The English party, it goes without saying, is traditionally severe: cocktails at the proper time and no one having any fun; and a lot of Foreign Office chaps (oddly like Burgess and Maclean in appearance) to see that the English journalists behave.

It might be inferred from all this that a critic covering one of these occasions is merely being given a free holiday abroad. Editors are among those who cling tenaciously to this view. It is quite untrue. Film festivals have developed their own line in irritants which make any question of enjoyment out of the question.

There are the Continental film critics, for instance, who are always called doctor, and suffer from an almost psychopathic enthusiasm for the cinema. Just as you are quietly sneaking off for a bathe one or more of these doctors will pounce on you and bear you off excitedly to a lecture in French on *découpage* or a press conference about nothing in Rumanian.

I remember one festival at which I suffered from a garrulous Dr. Krauss ("I vos vit U.F.A. in de olt days") who never saw me without hurling himself at me, beaming, to ask what I thought of whatever we had recently seen—simply so that he could chummily disagree with me point by point.

Another menace is the student of the cinema who is an incurable ideas-exchanger. Fr. Sonderberg, a giant lady critic from Stockholm, was one of those.

She persisted in considering film festivals as a wonderful place for exchanging ideas.

I personally have few ideas, and the last thing I ever want to do is to exchange them, especially when I am somewhere where the bathing is good. Not so Fr. Sonderberg. She has to exchange ideas day and night, her only relaxation being outbursts of deep breathing, which she suddenly and alarmingly interpolates between exchanges. ("Yolly good for the schleep!" she told me when I asked her about it once.)

A common festival pest is the compatriot who has discovered a wonderful little place for lunch which turns out to be just twice as costly as the restaurant you found yourself the day before.

Even the free hospitality is as much to be feared as gift-bearing Greeks. Headwaiters reserve a particularly contemptuous hostility (and that horrid little table next to the service entrance) for non-paying *gens du festival*. By the time you have overcome their resistance with tips and paid for your extras, staying free at a four-star hotel can often turn out to be more expensive than paying for yourself at the two-star place you would normally have chosen.

But there is one final horror attaching to these festivals beside which the other disadvantages are almost negligible. I refer, of course, to the films. Who in his right mind wants to go to places like Cannes and Venice—to see films?

FRED MAJDALANY



"I wish you devoted half the time to me that you give that Marriage Guidance Council."



c r i t i c i s m



BOOKING OFFICE

"Half-way between a fiend and a tallow-chandler"

John Ruskin. Joan Evans. Cape, 25/-

DR. JOAN EVANS has written an excellent biography of Ruskin, well balanced, informative, sympathetic, though not without both humour and severity. Among the great Victorian figures, John Ruskin (1819-1900) has claims to being considered at once one of the most typical and the most extraordinary. His private life is inseparable from his public career, the latter taking its shape from the former, almost as if designed to illustrate a textbook of abnormal psychology.

There was suicide and madness in the family of Scots tradesmen from which he was sprung. His father made a fortune in the sherry business—apparently about £150,000—and married a cousin, who, even in the world of dominating mothers, sounds unusually horrifying. He remained under the sway of his parents as long as they lived, he himself luxuriantly developing all that time: a plant of monstrous exoticism enclosed in that domestic hot-house.

In the end his egocentric nature brought him to insanity, but the annulment of his marriage to Effie Gray (later Lady Millais), and the extraordinary love affair with Rose La Touche (beginning when she was only thirteen), had to be played out. In these personal relationships nothing but his weaknesses are displayed. Parallel with them are his contemporary triumphs as an "art-historian"—to use a designation which to modern ears has perhaps acquired a somewhat satirical ring. It might almost be said that Ruskin was the first of his particular kind.

As the story of his career unfolds it is impossible to remain unimpressed by the ineradicable mark Ruskin left on the æsthetic views not only of his own generation but even down to the present. Indeed, the popular view of painting to-day, certainly among older people, might be said to derive almost entirely from him, scarcely affected by *fin-de-siècle* reaction from his views, or the twentieth-century movement of "modern art."

In later life he became interested in Socialism, which inevitably appealed to his intense, earnest, authoritarian temperament. He saw at once that its system could be truly imposed only by despotic measures, striking at the root of individual freedom. He was consistent in his attitude towards a "planned society," for example, writing, during the American Civil War, in which he supported the Southern States on the legitimacy of slavery.

"I wholly deny," he wrote, "that the impressions of beauty are in any



way sensual; they are neither sensual nor intellectual, but moral." As Dr. Evans indicates, it would be almost impossible to build up a coherent appreciation of art from what Ruskin says. It was the intensity of his feelings that moved people, not the fact that he was strikingly original, or even well informed. He was forty before he visited the art galleries of Dresden and Munich. He disliked the architecture of St. Paul's, wanted to stop the National Gallery from buying Rubens, loathed among many other painters of high distinction, Canaletto, Claude, Poussin, Cuypp, and thought Wallis's *Chatterton* (death of) "faultless and wonderful."

The fact is, judged by any conceivable standards, he often talked arrant rubbish. Not content merely to advance his views, they had to be advanced, even from his earliest days, in the most aggressive and tyrannical manner. It is arguable that he and the Pre-Raphaelites between them, did irreparable damage to English painting. Incidentally, he knew nothing whatever of the growth of Impressionism on the other side of the Channel.

Dr. Evans has something to say in favour of Ruskin's highly coloured literary style. His influence on Proust is, of course, well known, the French writer even finding a certain affinity in the rich, middle-class background they possessed in common and also in their childhood's coddlings. Perhaps Ruskin's true importance, good and bad, always lay as it were at a second remove, rather than in his immediate teaching. He himself even complained that such was the case, that "scarcely a public house near the Crystal Palace but sells its gin-and-bitters under pseudo-Venetian capitals copied from the Church of the Madonna of Health or of Miracles . . ."

For myself, I find agreement with the reviewer of *Blackwood's*, writing in 1848, who found Ruskin's prose "verbose, tedious, obscure and extravagant." I think it would be a great pity if his many inadequacies were forgotten in the general revival of Victorian sentiment that has brought him once more to the foreground as a critic. He is the essence of all that is "unclassical" in his approach to art. Fortunately, with such an effective biography as this available, his failings may be easily understood and there can be no doubt of his interest as a man and a portent. In appearance he was described by Ford Madox Brown as "half-way between a fiend and a tallow-chandler."

ANTHONY POWELL

The New Imperialists

Russia's Danubian Empire. Gordon Shepherd. Heinemann, 21/-

Russia's Empire is *la phrase juste*. The satellites, argues Mr. Shepherd, are used entirely for Russian ends and their inhabitants only kept loyal, if loyal be the word, by a constant stream of propaganda designed to show the superiority of Russian workers over their own.

It is a story that is difficult to put over because the tradition of these people—of the Czechs and Hungarians at any rate—is a tradition of their own cultural superiority to the Russian and the story is often put over with examples that outbeg absurdity.

"The Czech régime tried to shame the idle miners of Moravska Ostrava into hewing more coal by quoting the example of a Russian worker in Azerbeidjan called Machmud Ejevazov. This legendary Soviet figure is no less than 142 years old and is said not to have missed a working day for more than thirteen decades!"

The régimes survive, in so far as they do not rest purely on stark force, because agrarian reform and industrialization were long overdue and the Communists have been able to cash in on the credit for such policies. But the formidable enemy, religion, is still unconquered by them.

C. H.

The White Wand: and Other Stories. L. P. Hartley. *Hamish Hamilton*, 10/6

Mr. L. P. Hartley has a special gift for conveying a sense of irrational fear. His narrator or hero in these short stories is almost always haunted by inner nervousness, often of a social kind, but occasionally the outcome of some real physical danger. One of the best of the stories in this book is "W.S.", in which an author receives a series of ominous letters from an unknown reader of his works. The letters are at first only faintly sinister in tone, but gradually they emanate from places nearer and nearer his home, growing increasingly threatening as they approach. Another of the stories adds something to the saga of Eustace and Hilda, that brilliant study in three volumes which some prefer to *The Go-Between*, although the latter novel may have achieved more popular success.

Mr. Hartley always seems at his best when he is his acute, sophisticated self. His deliberate avoidance of any abruptness in style is perhaps in general more suited to a novel than to the short story form, but this collection is recommended to all of conservative literary taste.

A. P.

Fifty Years of Peter Pan. Roger Lancelyn Green. *Peter Davies*, 21/-

Are you a J. M. Barrie fan? Well, here's a book on *Peter Pan*. That laugh-tear-jerking play has stood the test of fifty years, and should go on for hundreds more. The man who wrote this book's a stage-struck, Pan-Struck chap who's waist-deep in the lore, Less critic than idolator. Its origin in one sense was Those games with the young Davies Bros., Of whom the third one, Peter D., Is publishing this history. Tree read the play and thought it mad, But Frohman gave it all he had.



Spring Song (from The Lovers' Pocketbook, by Raymond Peynet, reviewed on this page)

(The orchestra was briefed to yell
To save the life of Tinker Bell
In case first-nighters' bored behaviour
Meant she'd have no spontaneous
saviour.)
This is a book of souvenirs,
Of programmes cherished through the
years.
With pictures, casts and critics'
criticisms
And the (few) current unkind witticisms.
Was the essential J.M.B.
The textbook-case we think we see?
Red Indians, pirates, fighting, flying . . .
Good fun and games; but, underlying,
From Darling home to Treetops Wood,
Is the Child's Hymn to Motherhood.

Whose were the Voices Barrie heard
Behind the Pan-pipes? Mum's the
word!

R. A. U.

Prince Rupert's Daughter. Elizabeth D'Oyley. *Michael Joseph*, 12/6

In 1688 little old Lord Craven, who had fought for the Stuarts since 1642, commanded the last loyal regiment of Foot Guards, the garrison of Whitehall. He would have fought the whole Dutch army if King James had not ordered him to lay down his arms. A few years later he died a loyal subject of King William. He was the guardian of Prince Rupert's daughter, whose mother was Peg Hughes the actress; and Miss D'Oyley's excellent book deals chiefly with the change in English opinion which Lord Craven shared.

Ruperta was recognized by her Palatine relations, and we see Europe through the eyes of that remarkable family, who had suffered for King Charles the Martyr before they supplanted his grandson on the throne. The verve and gusto which made them perhaps the most high-spirited royal family in Europe come through very well. Miss D'Oyley has discovered a fresh corner in the well-tilled field of Stuart romance, and deserves a wide public.

A. L. D.

The Lovers' Pocketbook. Raymond Peynet. *Perpetua*, 7/6

These naïve little drawings of young lovers depend often on a trick of literal interpretation of verbal ideas; for example, when they bare their hearts to one another they open little shutters in their chests and reveal conventionally heart-shaped organs. At its lowest this can be simply fatuous, but at its best it produces a kind of surrealistic gaiety which, combined with the witty sentimentality of the drawing, is curiously attractive. Even when the idea behind the picture is least worthwhile, the drawings have great visual charm; though the artist's obsession with the rounder parts of the female anatomy may strike some people as excessive.

B. A. Y.



AT THE PLAY

No News from Father
(CAMBRIDGE)

NO news, because Baffin Land or some such place had engulfed Father, an unprincipled ethnologist, ten years earlier. His widow has formed a comfortable attachment with the family lawyer, bent on marriage, but her conviction that more than an ice-floe would be needed to extinguish so charming and wily a man as Father is supported by the name of BERNARD BRADEN, still in reserve on the programme. So it comes as no surprise when he drops in, warmly bearded, to ask what there is for lunch.

No News from Father thus offers the startling spectacle of a woman obliged to choose between two men. Its author, LEONARD HUIZENGA (who has unditched his play with the help of DONALD BULL), is not, all the same, without some invention. Father picks pockets almost as well as he can read a cranium; and his own head being of iron, all triangular differences soon disappear on a high tide of mixed drinks. He is an

attractive vagabond, always ready to give advanced instruction in the esoteric mysteries of the igloo, and though he makes large demands he also takes a large and generous view of life. With his discovery that the Welsh and the Eskimos are the same race he might have served as mainspring to a much better farce; here he holds most of the cards, such as they are, and the rest of the party have to tag along in his wake, through a series of incidents which are only mildly funny. They move too slowly, they become bogged down in sentiment. Before deciding that a dull life with the lawyer is the better long-term bet, Mother grows as soulful as a Pinero heroine. In short, bits of *No News from Father* are not bad, but it won't do. That I report this rather sorrowfully is due chiefly to my respect for the cast, which shows exemplary stamina and determination. BERNARD BRADEN finds something engaging in Father, ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD flutters brightly like a schizophrenic butterfly, and ROBIN BAILEY manages to give a kind of reality to that threadbare stooge, the decent chap.

I doubt if the Eskimo song which has been specially composed will be whistled very much by my milk boy.

Recommended

No news from the new straight plays. In the meantime, catch up on Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough* (Aldwych), and

N. C. Hunter's *A Day by the Sea* (Haymarket). Put your last shilling on Hedda Gabler (Lyric, Hammersmith), a superb production. And buoy yourself with *The Manor of Northstead* (Duchess), *The Teahouse of the August Moon* (Her Majesty's), and *Both Ends Meet* (Apollo), all fairly effervescent. ERIC KEOWN



AT THE OPERA

Le Nozze di Figaro—
Don Giovanni
(ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL.)

THE question in our minds as we bought the programme was not how the Viennese State Opera people were going to sing or whether Dr. KARL BÖHM, their new director, would turn out to have a truly Mozartean beat. Up to a point these things could be taken for granted. The real gamble was what sort of a performance would be put up by Waterloo's protean concert hall now become an opera house after its summer spell as a ballet theatre.

Fierce lights from side gaps up near the ceiling and a row of portholes along the balcony front beat upon a Figaro sung within a drapery-proscenium against screen-sets and hangings in chilly grey. When SENA JURINAC, the adorable Cherubino, came downstage and plunged into the fevered pain of *Non so più*, her voice sounded boxed-in, from where I sat, and as if deadened by all the

cloth fore and aft. Some of Susanna's phrases as sung by IRMGARD SEEFRIED suffered in the same way: when they were in unison with some orchestral strand I heard more string or woodwind tone than voice.

By the interval either the singers or my ears had adapted themselves to the acoustical milieu. Miss SEEFRIED's letter-duet with LISA DELLA CASA (whose Countess is brilliantly handsome, a Sargent full-length brought to life and given wit) patterned the air ravishly. But the point of this performance (ballasted by the Almaviva of PAUL SCHÖFFLER and ERICH KUNZ's Figaro) was not the exquisite phrase here, the well-found gesture there. What marks off the Mozart of the Vienna State from so much that we commonly see and suffer is ensemble, the way things march and hang together. We could sit back in utter security for half an hour at a stretch. Too often at the opera I feel and fear for the singers like an anxious mother. No matter how complex the texture or how brisk and dovetailed the stage business, every note from the stage and from the orchestra pit (tenanted by the Vienna Philharmonic) came in exactly on the dot. All this was brought off without any metronomic rigidity. Screwing in his watchmaker's spyglass, Dr. BÖHM fitted his precision mechanism together; and gave it soul.

Don Giovanni was sung against an all-purposes portico set with sombre lighting for the most part. This was very much the sort of world Mozart, if not Da Ponte, had in mind, ominous and doomed, with real hell flame ready to lick up from the cellarage. Or was it GEORGE LONDON's Don that made the scenery seem so clinching?

LONDON, a shapely tower of a man, moved with intent ferocity on what are clearly the most finely sculpted legs that ever wore operatic fleshings. When blandishing Miss JURINAC's lofty, un-ludicrous Elvira, placating the fluent Anna of ELISABETH GRÜMMER, or wheedling Zerlina (RITA STREICH, an uncommonly pretty voice), he composed his mouth into a rosebud smile which by contrast made his eyebrows look twice as satanic. Not only did this Giovanni reek frighteningly of sulphur. He also sang. Not all Giovannis do. *Là ci darem* was a resonant caress. With WALTER BERRY presenting Masetto not as a third-rate clown but as Peasant Revolt personified, the production tended clean away from the *giocoso* tradition. The Leporello, Mr. KUNZ, a born droll as well as a finely sonorous voice, was allowed marginal winkings, shruggings and caperings, but, like everybody else, was sent into gray shudders by the final catastrophe.

The Ottavio arias were immaculately sung by LÉOPOLD SIMONEAU, who has a pretty crescendo: he made the long F in *Il mio tesoro* bloom and swell in a way that reminded me of champion glass-blowing. CHARLES REID



Mr. Roberts—MR. BERNARD BRADEN
Stella Hunter—MISS ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD

Jack Hokinshaw—MR. ROBIN BAILEY

[No News from Father

AT THE GALLERY

SCULPTURE IN THE OPEN AIR
(Holland Park)
(Closes end of September)

VISITORS to the sculpture exhibitions in Battersea Park in recent years are already familiar with the charms of seeing such works against a background of landscape or foliage, and will need little inducement to visit this year's show. The site chosen is a portion of the grounds of ruined Holland House on the slopes of Campden Hill, and takes in some of the terraced garden and the garden ball-room (the latter making an agreeable refreshment room). The advisory committee of the exhibition is drawn from a wide range of authorities, including the British Museum, the Royal Academy, the Institute of Contemporary Art and the Arts Council, and the resulting conglomeration of twenty-nine works, including one each from Ancient Greece and India, is bewildering to the point of babel. It has at least the merit that everyone will find something to his own taste, even though few will regard the whole choice as happy.

Taking a few examples from neighbouring exhibits, we have the rounded and graceful Dionysus from the Parthenon (plaster cast), "Draped figure reclining," a work realistic compared to his usual by Henry Moore, who in the catalogue points out some rather obvious truths with regard to the play of drapery on the human form; and "Image," by Barbara Hepworth. The latter has also provided notes: "All landscape demands a figure. When a sculptor is the spectator he is aware that every landscape evokes a special image." In support of this creed we are confronted by a carefully shaped rather top-heavy cylindrical object with an indentation and some holes, evoked by or for what particular landscape we are not told. Apart from several non-representational objects sometimes amusing (to borrow an adjective once much in vogue in Montparnasse), there are a number of straight sculptures of the human figure of very varied quality.

Among them as a worthy companion to a Rodin male nude and a Maillol female figure is one of a standing girl, "Dance Step," by Giacomo Manzù. Dignified in conception, and totally unpretentious, the work has a quality which leaves a lasting impression on the mind. It is for many spectators the best thing at Holland Park by a living sculptor.

ADRIAN DAINTRY

AT THE PICTURES

On the Waterfront
Sabrina Fair

I HAVE been surprised to see and hear suggestions that MARLON BRANDO's part in *On the Waterfront* (Director: ELIA KAZAN) is a repetition of his performance in *A Streetcar Named*

Desire. I won't say it's nothing like it at all, for it is precisely the superficial resemblance that has misled some people; but the idea that the characters are of the same kind—or what is worse, that Mr. BRANDO makes them of the same kind—seems to me quite wrong. The plain truth is that he is a good actor; and he not only implies in the simple and inarticulate ex-prizefighter Terry Malloy traits of character that make him credible and understandable, but also manages to show him changing, developing, so that he is different at the end of the story from what he was at first.

This is a brutal, violent film about conditions in the docks of New York, and in a foreword they take care to assure us that these conditions no longer apply. The story deals with a time (this is perhaps the best way to put it) when the docks were—as the synopsis says—racket-ridden: when a stevedore or dock-labourer, what in the U.S. is called a longshoreman, had in effect to pay blackmail to a gang boss if he hoped to get any work at all.

At the same time, anyone who showed signs of revealing the state of affairs to the police or other outside authority wound up either dead or maimed. The theme of the story is the breaking of this stranglehold, and the man mainly instrumental in breaking it is Terry Malloy. He begins the film as an irresponsible hanger-on of the gang; but the discovery that he had some part in the murder of a man who was about to give evidence to the Crime Commission (he didn't think they'd kill him, he just thought they were going to lean on him a little bit), and pep talks from the man's sister (EVA MARIE SAINT) whom he grows to love, and a dockland priest (KARL MALDEN), make him realize what the situation is and what has to be done.

This involves, conventionally enough, a personal fight with the gang boss (LEE J. COHN) at the climax, and the pattern of much of the earlier incident could be matched from gangster films; but the general feeling of the picture is very far from conventional. As a whole it is intensely gripping, and full of excellent work in every department.

In the U.S., I read, they changed the title of *Sabrina Fair* (Director: BILLY WILDER) to plain *Sabrina*, lest the average moviegoer, unfamiliar with Milton, should suppose that it was about a fair of some kind and be disappointed by the absence of swings, roundabouts and other mechanical aids to enjoyment. Even so, the film contains no reference to Milton; but audiences here will be perfectly willing to concede that the title is justified, since *Sabrina* is played by AUDREY HEPBURN.

The outline of the story must be pretty widely known by this time. It is a romantic comedy combining the always infallible Cinderella theme with that—at the moment, it seems, on the way to being almost equally popular—about the



(On the Waterfront)

Terry Malloy—MARLON BRANDO

young girl and the middle-aged man. Miss HEPBURN is the chauffeur's daughter who returns, polished by two years in Paris, to unsettle the two sons of her father's wealthy employer, the gay younger one (WILLIAM HOLDEN) and the responsible elder one (HUMPHREY BOGART). These principal parts, as well as many smaller ones, are all beautifully taken, and the film, adapted from the play by SAMUEL TAYLOR (who collaborated on the script with the director and ERNEST LEHMAN), has bright dialogue, amusing detail and an occasional touch of sentiment. It can't miss.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

An important new one has just begun in London: *Salt of the Earth*. *The Caine Mutiny* (25/8/54) and *The Living Desert* (2/6/54) continue.

The only new release reviewed here is *Three Coins in the Fountain* (1/9/54), which is sentimental hokum with nice CinemaScope views of Rome. *Apache* is quite a good interesting Western.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

The Play's the Thing

IF we are charitable and tolerant every *faux pas* made on television can be excused or explained away as the result of legitimate experimentation; every failure can be attributed to growing pains, and every accusation of aesthetic indecency and bad taste can be answered with the cheerful blanket apology "It takes all sorts to make a world, and one man's meat, etc., etc."

I gather that the inmates of Lime Grove are beginning to growl about newspaper criticism of their efforts. One disinterested investigator has reported that they "are immensely conscious of working in a blinding glare of publicity, and the stream of criticism directed at them tends to defeat its ends by harrying them into a foredoomed attempt to please all the people all the time." Well, there may be a grain of truth in this generous judgment: a few programmes ("You Are There," for example) do fall between two stools, between the armchair of the library and the fauteuil of the super cinema. But most of the items in any evening's entertainment are, I am glad to say, openly directed at particular sections of the television public. Programmes such as "Viewfinder," "Press Conference" and "Buried Treasure" make no discernible concession to the lightweight cerebrations of those who wallow happily in "Quite Contrary," "Orient Express," "Down You Go" and "I'm the Law"; and *per contra* I have yet to detect any attempt by the producers of "Canteen Cabaret" and "Variety Parade" to toss a few crumbs of comfort to middle-brows and high-brows.

It is indeed distressing to think of



(Isidor Comes to Town)
Clem Beemis (Mr. Mark Daly) Isidor Solomon (Mr. Harry Green)
Abner Whitson (Mr. Walter Fitzgerald)

Lime Grove working itself into a nervous breakdown in the attempt to design an edition of "Quite Contrary" equally acceptable to readers of the *Daily Mirror* and *The Times*, and for the sake of the National Health Service it is to be hoped that additional television channels—corresponding to sound radio's "Light" and "Third" will soon be possible. In the meantime I suggest that disaster might be avoided by labelling each programme quite clearly with the mental age of viewers interested. "I'm the Law" would be marked "M" (for morons), "Professional Boxing" would be "U," and "Viewfinder," "H" (horrific).

Until some such device has been introduced I shall continue to assume that all programmes are deserving of criticism. Take "Isidor Comes to Town," in which Harry Green gave a faultless performance as the wandering, lovable Jew. For some reason or other this play was given before "an invited

audience," with the result that viewers had to accept a second-hand, two-dimensional, stage-bound mockery of television. The sound boomed like a fair-ground barker, the actors resorted to conventional theatrical exaggerations of gesture and facial expression, and the invited audience tittered in all the wrong places. Mr. Green himself insisted on the studio audience, his hope being, I suppose, that viewers would find the mirth of the claue an acceptable substitute for the real thing. It wasn't.

Equally dull was the excerpt from "Both Ends Meet," a comedy now running at the Apollo. The theatrical people (the managers' organization) will not allow broadcasts of complete plays from the stage, but are pleased enough to get a free plug for their wares in the shape of a forty-minute television trailer. And the B.B.C., understandably eager to show viewers how little the stage has to offer, accepts the arrangement with alacrity.

This is indefensible. Televised stage drama is bad enough even under the most favourable circumstances (the screen converts the stage into a shabby wilderness and the players into howling, gesticulating madmen), but excerpts from stage plays really are the end.

Among recent programmes of merit we must include "Sportsview," now a weekly, "Viewfinder," "Teleclub" and "It's Easy When You Know How." This last showed us how to gut herrings, link sausages, climb poles, lift heavy sacks, blow bagpipes and perform other useful feats. The atmosphere of this show was delightful. There was humour, honest endeavour, amazing skill and remarkable vitality. One up to Scotland.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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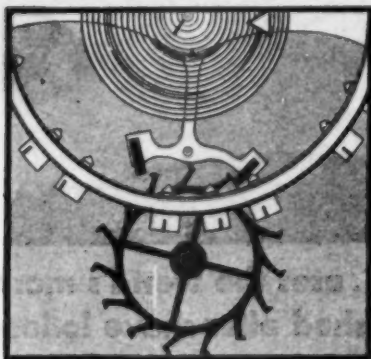
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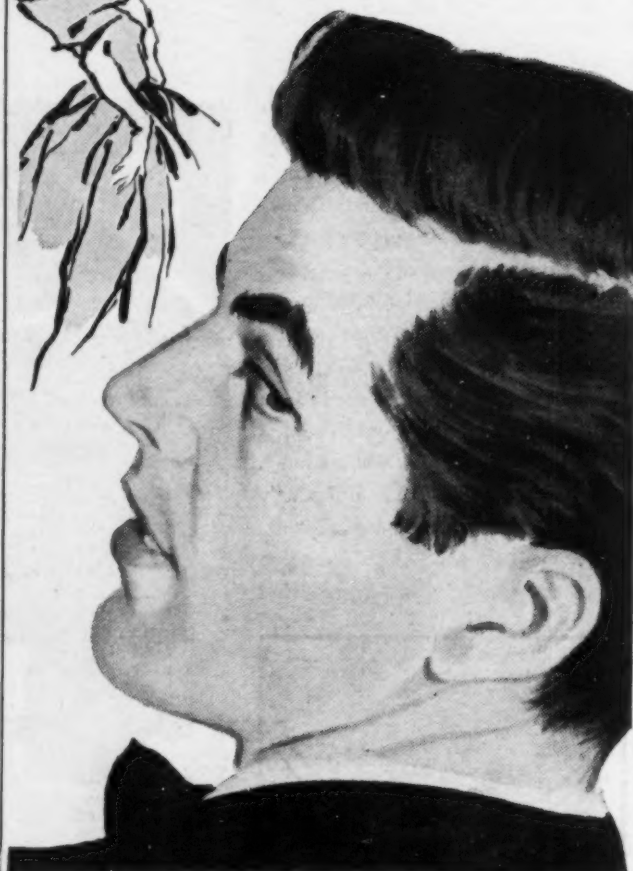
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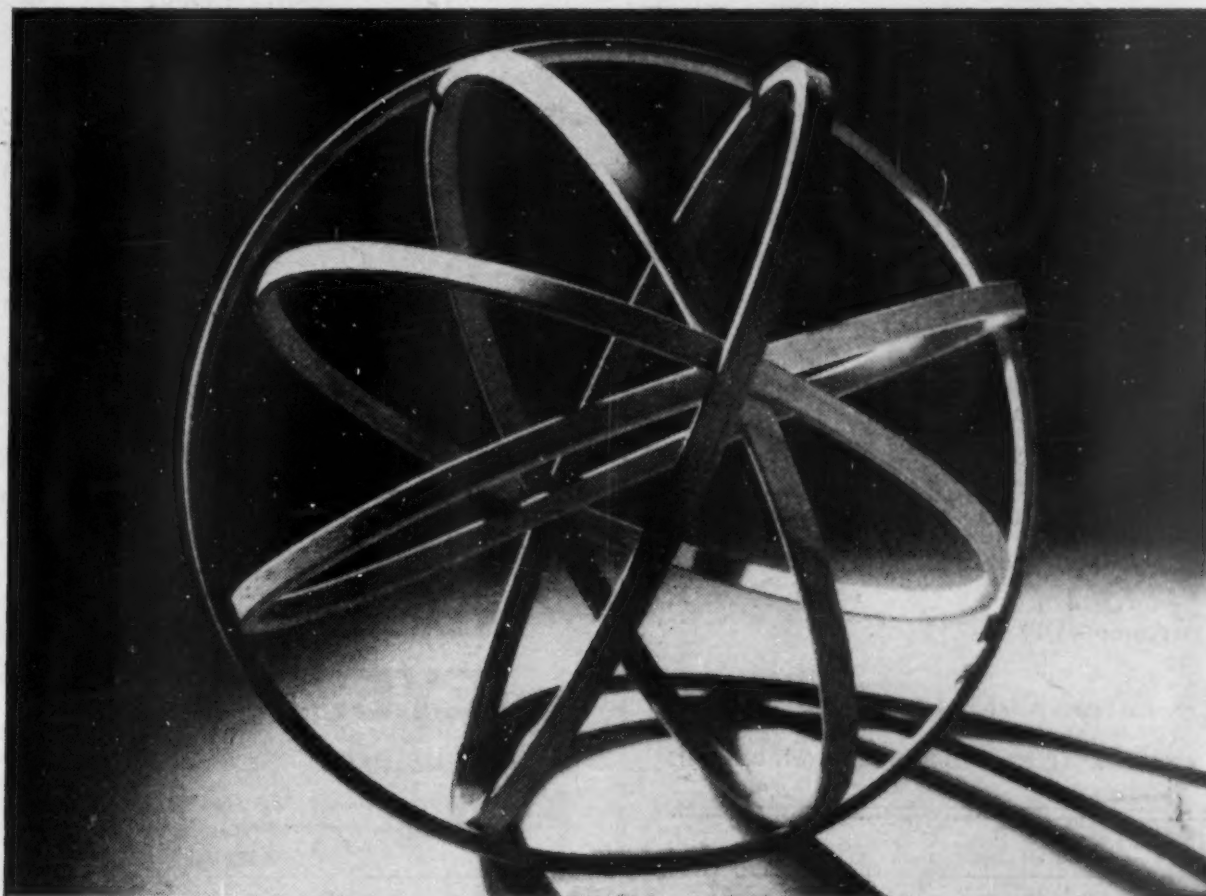
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* The word armillary has nothing to do with either armadillos or armament. It comes from the Latin armilla, meaning bracelet. An armillary sphere was a model made by the Greeks, 2,000 years ago, to depict the great circles of the heavens. But that was a little before our time.

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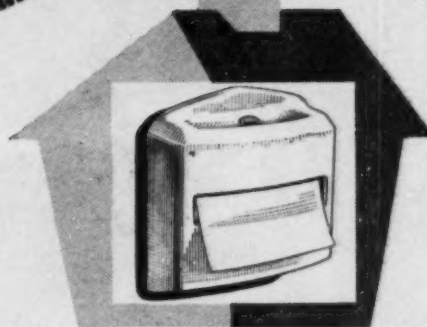
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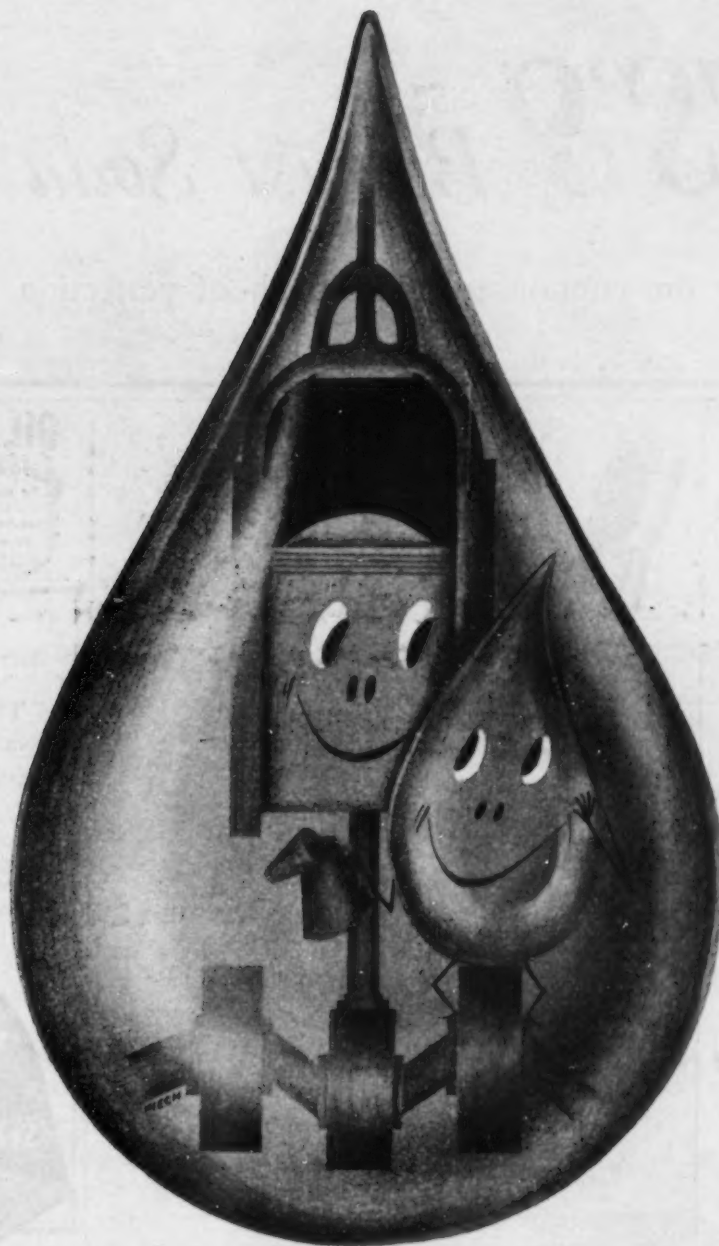
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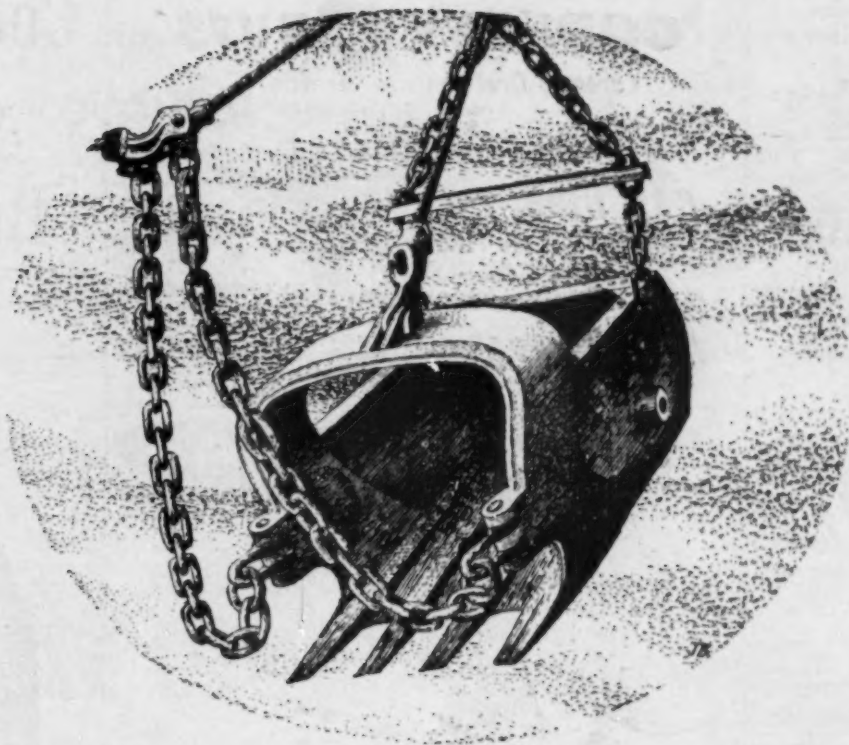
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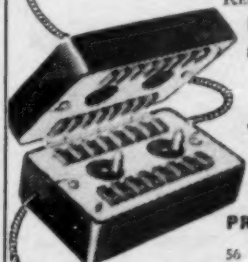
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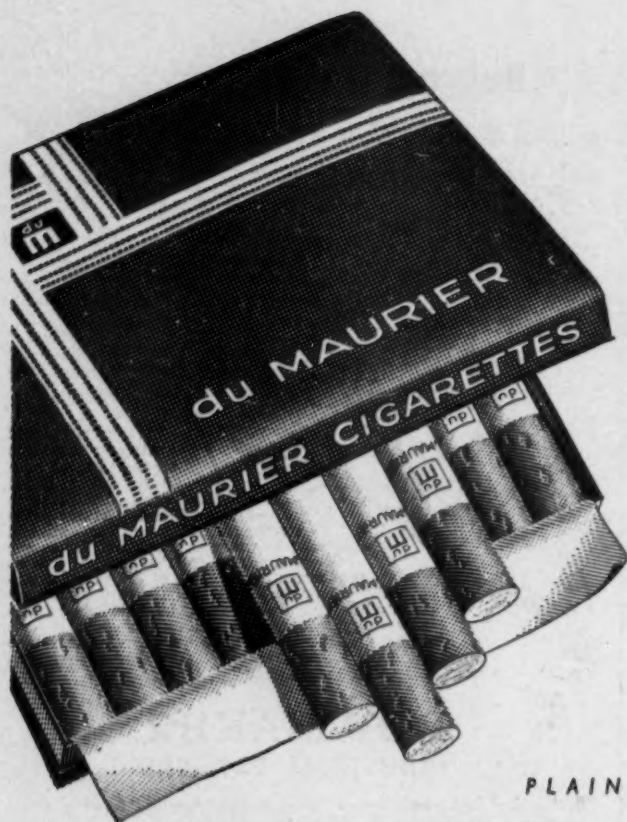
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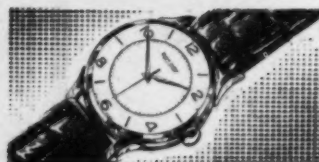
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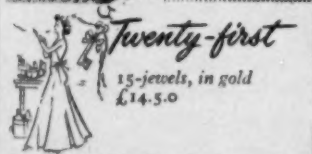
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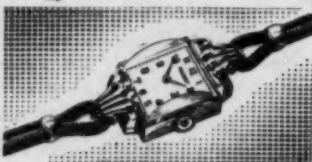
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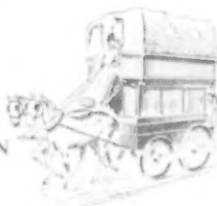
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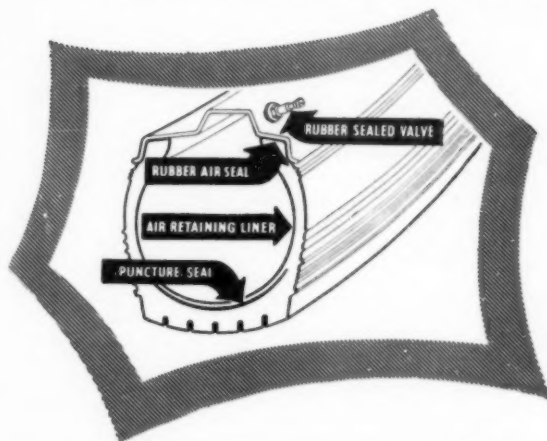
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